

# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newpicture  
Weekly *10¢*

JANUARY 27, 1937

VOL. XLIV—NO. 23



**PARK AVE. CREAM IN REDLAND**  
*The Davies' Come to Moscow*



**BUSINESSMEN RELAX AGAIN**  
*And Night Clubs Recuperate*



# Merger in the Old Red Barn!

*The name Life has been sold to Time Magazine. The humorous contents of the old Life are now included in the new Judge, giving readers a double bill for their money.*

THE RINGLINGS said it. "Merger is hell." We now know what Barnum and Bailey and all the Ringling Brothers went through when they put their acts together in one tent. We've just been through it, nearly laughing ourselves to death over the show we're going to give you this coming year.

But, worst of all, we kept the customers waiting. We couldn't keep popping out from behind the curtain cajoling the audience to patience. "We want Judge," was a howl to heaven all over the nation. However, it's done. Gosh, we hoped you liked it. It must be pretty good. Old Pro Bono Publico, the demon indicter, hasn't taken his pen in hand to view it with alarm, and we saw a girl on the train giggling over her copy fit to kill.

All laughs spring from humorous foibles, from pontifical people giving silly answers to serious questions, from amateur hour messiahs out to save the world at so much per week and expenses—in a word, from comedians playing Hamlet.

So, for "a distracted world that does not know which way to turn nor what will happen to it next," we turn the shafts of the greatest aggregation of essayists, critics, and plain and fancy wits ever assembled under one canvas, upon all human weaknesses. This is the way to convert people to fun. If we can keep the world laughing it might save itself.

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# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

## The Newspaper Weekly

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily  
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

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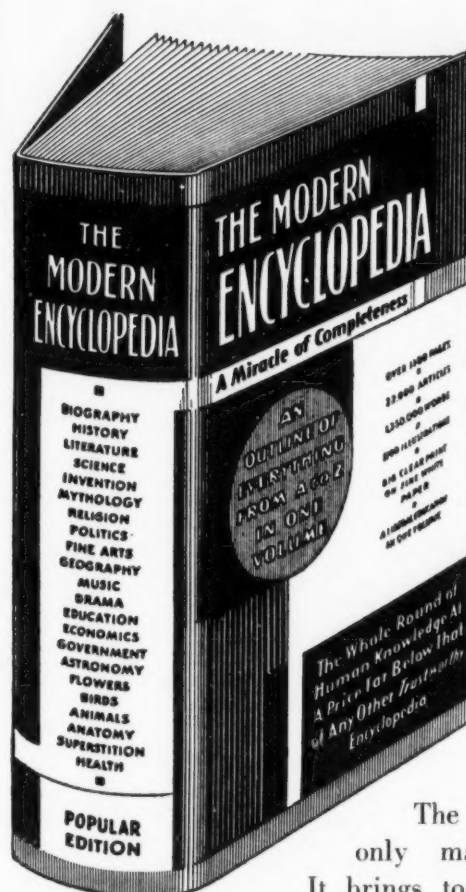
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January 27, 1937

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## Cross Currents



Wide World

### 50c a Day

**Picker of the Southland's major crop. Because he doesn't have to stoop, he picks faster than his elders.**

**O**F all places, at a burlesque show recently we found something to reaffirm one's faith in mankind.

There were the usual bare-skinned chorus, the numerous strip tease practitioners, the shop-worn gags and suggestive gestures, the low comedians, all the cheap makings of a cheap evening's entertainment.

Then the thing happened. It was a one-man entre-act, to fill in time while the sets were being changed behind the curtain. A young, smiling negro came out in full dress suit and began to tap dance. He danced solo with a joy and abandon that communicated itself to the house. He had a sense of rhythm and timing, a wonderful variety of steps, and he gave everything he had to the job of pleasing. His performance in the middle of that show was like a clean breeze on a sultry summer's night. It seemed out of place, almost audacious. But the customers loved it.

One felt good to see such a wholehearted demonstration of fine discrimination at such a place and at such a time. Men, and some few women, who had come for the precarious excitement of seeing performers denude themselves, applauded the only fine piece of work in the show more than they did the whole performance.

The tribute was remarkable because at about the same time many so-called better homes were discharging their negro servants because a negro porter had just robbed and killed a young white woman. Just what connection hundreds of innocent negro servants had with the crime, no one knew, but their employers through fear or a feeling of race discrimination cut many of them adrift.

**T**ALKING of domestics, they seem to have been forgotten in the social security scheme. The problem of collecting the social security payments from employers of servants offers obvious difficulties, since most

houses employ only one helper. It is too much trouble to take one per cent out of their wage each week, amounting to from a dime to a quarter, and probably the employer would pay it in most cases rather than be bothered.

Their jobs are dependent often on the whim of an employer, or on his changing economic status. They are the first to go in depressions when economy is necessary. And in prosperity, they often are let out after years of hard service, to make room for more elegant help. Their pay is low, and while they often get room and board, and can put away something, the least layoff or other catastrophe quickly wipes their little savings away.

**A**NOTHER class which social security is designed to help, but which will benefit little from the law, is the large group of children who are being absorbed into industry despite all the enlightened thinking and feeling against child labor. Many will not survive to the age where social security will benefit them and, meantime, their pitiful wages are being taxed to build up the surplus out of which they would be paid if they ever reached retirement age.

One fine gentleman appealed to his fellow Republicans to remain the conservative party, in order to take advantage of the swing of the pendulum to reaction, and cited child labor legislation as one which true conservatives should oppose to the bitter end. His thesis, that a strong opposition is good for the country, is right. But that any party dependent on popular suffrage for power should openly oppose child labor abolition in this day and age may be one reason why that party has reached such a low state.

There is no defense today for child labor. Millions out of work can supply all the adult labor the country needs. A very few more states ratifying the child labor amendment can make it effective, and this year should see its final passage.



Wide World

### 50c a Day

**He doesn't always outsell his elders, but circulation managers say his appeal has commercial value.**

(Entire contents copyrighted by Pictorial Publications)





His Holiness the Pope, Pius XI, bears a title and a burden. The title: Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the State of the Vatican City.

## INTERREGNUM

**A Pontificate besieged by the riptides of world political and economic forces. . . . A Pontiff assailed by the ravages of a final illness. The Pope's incapacitation means an interregnum in Catholicism's one-man rule.**

**W**ITHIN the walls of the Vatican City, gloomy with a faded glitter, almost tawdry in the face of a world-wide onslaught which threatens final engulfment, lies a man with drying blood, faded, a last crumbling barricade in a world of reality.

Such absolutism as exists within the walls of the Vatican exists nowhere else in the world. Interregnums—periods between the death of one Pope and the

election of another—are the only lapses in the administration of that supreme authority over millions of Catholic subjects which has lain for centuries in the hands of Popes.

For Catholicism, the incidence of an interregnum in its history is an event of vast, critical magnitude. Such losses as Catholicism has suffered in Spain it has not known for centuries. That it must have been extensively weakened in the decades

before the insurgent uprising of last summer is now patently established. For its support in Spain, the Catholic Church must now depend upon the doubtful sincerity of fascist destroyers who are supported on the battlefronts by a government which has vowed to substitute Wotan for Christ.

On almost all other fronts, tides of reality and political Machiavellianism now sweep against the ramparts of the

Catholic Church. In Italy, home of the Vatican, the Pontificate is manifestly strong. Rome is Catholicism's geographical center. It is also Italy's political center, but hardly in the same spirit. Some day this great disparity may become apparent.

The death or incapacitating illness of a Pope creates an interregnum in the all-powerful, one-man pontifical rule. The next Pope will mount a weaker throne than did Pius XI.



Candid photographs reveal the humane Pope, speaking . . .



. . . plaintively, in modulated tones, with the confidence of power . . .



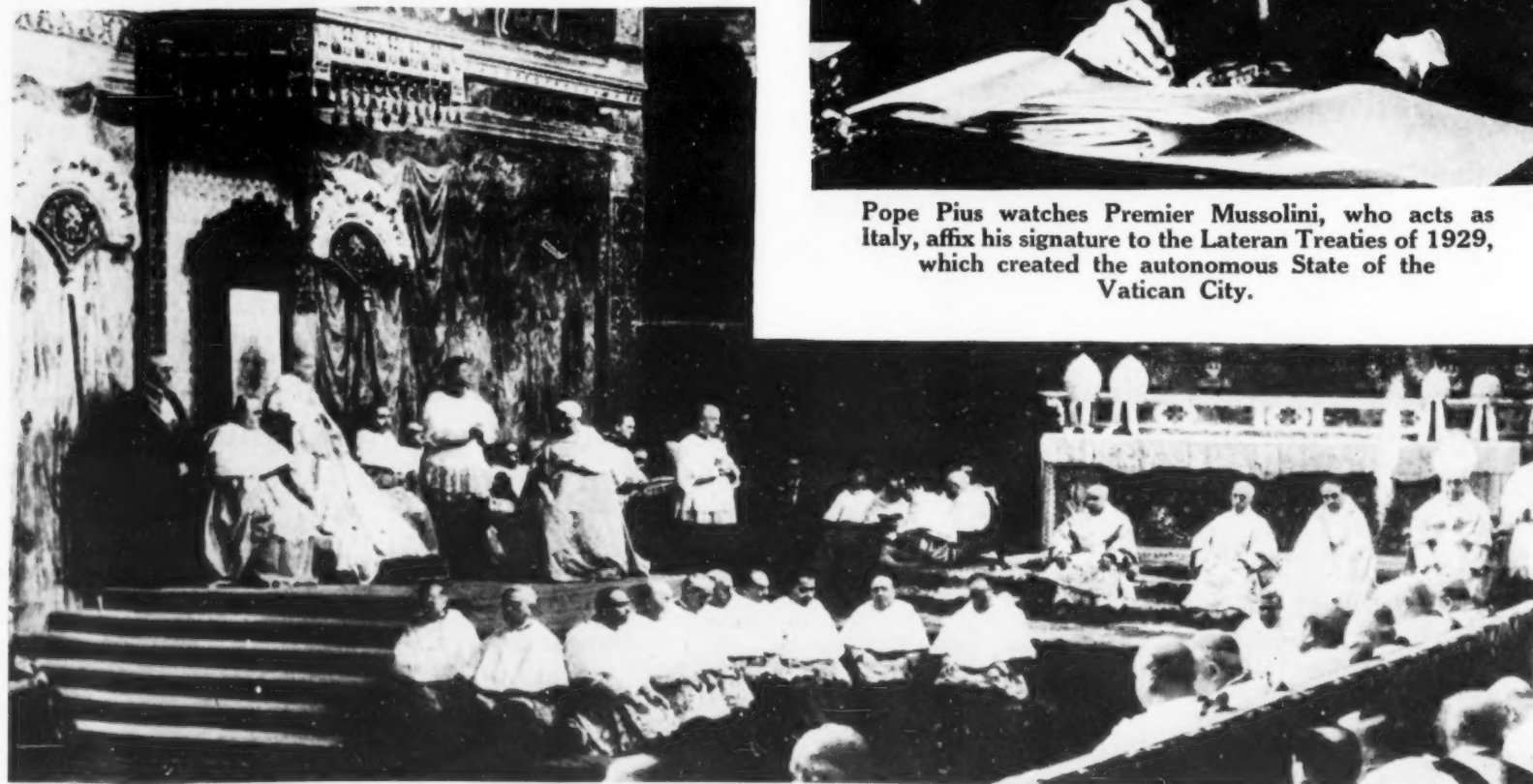
. . . then firm with a vigorousness justified by his position . . .



In 1919, when the world began to realize the toll of war's wrath, Relief Administrator Herbert Hoover (right) and Polish Marshal Pilsudski (left) listen with the Pope.



Pope Pius watches Premier Mussolini, who acts as Italy, affix his signature to the Lateran Treaties of 1929, which created the autonomous State of the Vatican City.



Cardinals of the Catholic Church from the four corners of the earth come to Rome as the Pope, seated on his throne in the Vatican, receives their felicitations on the 14th anniversary of his reign. The celebration took place in February, 1936, amid such medieval pomp as can exist today only in the Vatican.





... then with a gently suppressed pride, to assure his many peoples ...



... that he fully realizes his role as the great unifier of Catholicism ...



... and that upon them he can bestow the high pontifical blessing.



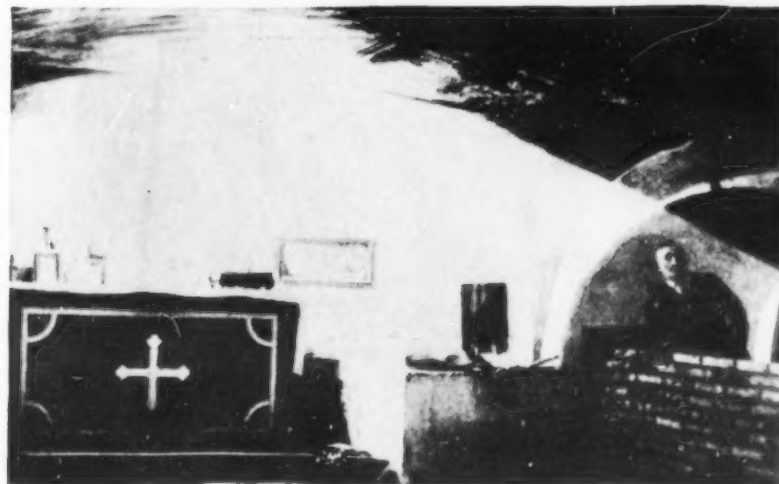
The Pope celebrates the ninth anniversary of his election to the Pontificate by turning the wheel which formally opened the Vatican's new power plant.



The Pope with Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. Cardinal Pacelli, who recently made a trip to the United States.



The Lateran Treaties of 1929 freed the Pope from voluntary retirement in the Vatican, made possible the use of a new Fiat automobile for short motor trips.



Here lie the bodies of Popes who have lived, served, died in the cause of the Catholic Church—the somber grotto of St. Peter, under the Vatican Palace.



The American Embassy in Moscow, new home of the Davieses.

## Park Ave.'s Cream Arrives in Moscow

The appointment of Joseph E. Davies, former Commissioner of Corporations, to the post of U. S. ambassador to Moscow marks some strange changes of atmosphere in the Soviet Capital.

THE American Embassy in Moscow is in the Spasso section of the city, and is a stolid building that has housed unadulterated capitalists through the ins and outs of ambassadorships.

Formerly it was given over to the cheerful menage of William C. Bullitt and his daughter Anne. Anne fitted right in to her niche in Moscow social life, though she had her tenth birthday shortly after her arrival. Presumably the fact that Anne's mother's first husband still fits into a niche in the Kremlin wall had something to do with Anne's easy adjustment. Mrs. Bullitt was formerly Mrs. John Reed; she, after John's death, met and married William Christian Bullitt, listed in Who's Who as a diplomat.

In 1932, William Bullitt and Anne packed off to Moscow,

where he did a notable work in establishing friendly relations between the two biggest countries in the world, and became beloved and accepted in every circle. But the reward of successful ambassadorship is promotion—to another country. So when the French post fell open, Bullitt was the man.

\* \* \*

Enter Russian ambassador number two, a handsome fellow named Joseph E. Davies, born in Wisconsin in 1876. Fifteen years Bullitt's senior, he is probably fifteen times as much a capitalist. He is a corporation lawyer, was at one time Commissioner of Corporations, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, and counsel for the governments of Mexico and Peru. He also was vastly successful as representative of the Dominican Republic, when he got the

Moving in. Ambassador and Mrs. Davies, on their way to the Spasso house.

Wide  
World





Monoson

Foyer of Mrs. Davies' private entrance to her 70-room apartment in New York City.



Monoson

Exterior view of the house at 2 East 92nd Street, which Mrs. Davies left for the Spasso.

creditors of that republic (Americans, credit excellent) to postpone amortization payments for one year. Of the total sum involved, some \$4,800,000, Davies demanded a modest 1% as his fee. This he never received, so his honor alone gained from this venture.

On December 15, 1935, he married a lady of no mean fortune. This is the former Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton. Post of *Post Toasties* was Charles F. Post, her father. Hutton of General Foods was Edward F. Hutton, her former husband, who was not only board manager of the great concern, but uncle of another—the fabulous Barbara Hutton, now Countess Von Reventlow.

The present Mrs. Davies was once known as "The Lady Bountiful of Hell's Kitchen," one of New York's worst slum districts, where she maintained the Marjorie Post Hutton soup kitchen chain for a number of years.

The Close part of her history involves one Edward B. Close of Manhattan. No one knows anything about him.

Mr. Davies headed the executive advisory committee of the Democratic National Campaign, and as lately as last October he opened the Rally in New York's Madison Square Garden. His appointment as Russian Ambassador was attended with the usual fanfares in the press and entertainments in Washington circles. Mrs. Davies left her 70-room apartment at 2 East 92nd

Street, New York City, to go to Washington with Mr. Davies. But never, either in Moscow or in Washington, will the entertainments equal that of her wedding in '35, when a three-hundred-pound wedding cake was prepared for her fifty guests, and 2000 chrysanthemums were dyed pink, at a cost of \$2,000, to match the pink icing. She and Mr. Davies then honeymooned on her yacht.

Moscow has never seen such a personal fortune so largely displayed. Estimated at \$20,000,000 the fortune has been mildly depleted by changes and additions to the Spasso house. Russian workmen, to whom the fine points of plumbing are as foreign as is the Russian language to Mrs. Davies, have been strictly marshalled by Soviet plumbing experts to install the bathtubs and other more recherche appliances that have been littering the snowy backyard of the embassy. The former plumbing, only twenty-five years old, was dear to the hearts of Moscow.

Twenty-five electric refrigerators have been installed in the basement of the house. Two thousand pints of cream have been frozen by a patented General Foods process, invented by a certain Mr. Birdseye, and sent on ahead of the Davies cortege.

With regard to the cream, Moscow has been giving out conflicting reports to the press. "Russia has plenty of cows," declares one dispatch. "Moscow

Glad Davies is Sending Cream," says a *Times* headline. Apparently there are lots of cows in Russia—but more people.



Wide World

Moved out. William C. Bullitt and Anne, when en route to the American Embassy in Paris.

## HOW SAFE IS THE AMERICAN WORKER?

Accidents per million man-hours in  
our most dangerous industries:

Logging

79.9

Saw-milling

Fertilizers

53.82

Brickmaking

42.76

## American Industry Has No Trend to Safety

Speed-up of industrial activity brings a rise in hazard for the worker. WPA grounds its men in Red Cross training, gets safety.

**T**HIS year, the number of accidental deaths occurring in gainful employment will number 17,500, or 1,000 more than last year.

Industrial accidents took a sharp forward jump in 1934. In 1933, the average number of accidents per million man hours of work was 19.25 but in the recently compiled statistics for 1934, that tragic figure has increased to 20.18.

In 1934, injuries became more serious. For each 1,000 injuries, there was 1 more of death or permanent total disability, and 11 more of the kind associated with the loss of arms, legs, fingers, eyes, and other parts of the body. The severity rate, or the average number of days lost per million man hours, moved from 2.23 to 2.69.

Indications are that the rise in industrial danger comes from the sudden acceleration in industrial activity.

Dr. C. H. Watson, president of the National Safety Council and medical director of the A. T. & T., thinks that the reason for the upturn lies in the hands of those plant owners who still disregard the elementary principles of safeguarding workers. As evidence, he points to the railroads and their associated industries, where employee fatalities were reduced by 200,000 in the past 25 years.

The construction industry, another expert declares, holds its present poor position in relation to safety simply because it chooses to do little for safety.

In the lumbering industry, most hazardous of all, the prob-

lem is given another slant. The chief surgeon of the Lumberman's Mutual Casualty Company attacks his own profession for its failure to prevent occupational mishaps. Doctors, he says, are not being thorough enough in their pre-employment medical examinations. That, at best, seems to be a strange situation. Doctors alone have little to gain or lose by being strict in their medical examinations.

"Passing the buck" is the usual order in the handling of this industrial problem. The management declares itself beset by weighty matters of policy, by economic upheaval and political unrest. It shifts the responsibility to the foremen and to workmen who should be trained to work safely. The supervisors protest that this is no reason for

not providing safety departments, with rigid safety inspections. The workmen, having jobs to protect, don't complain.

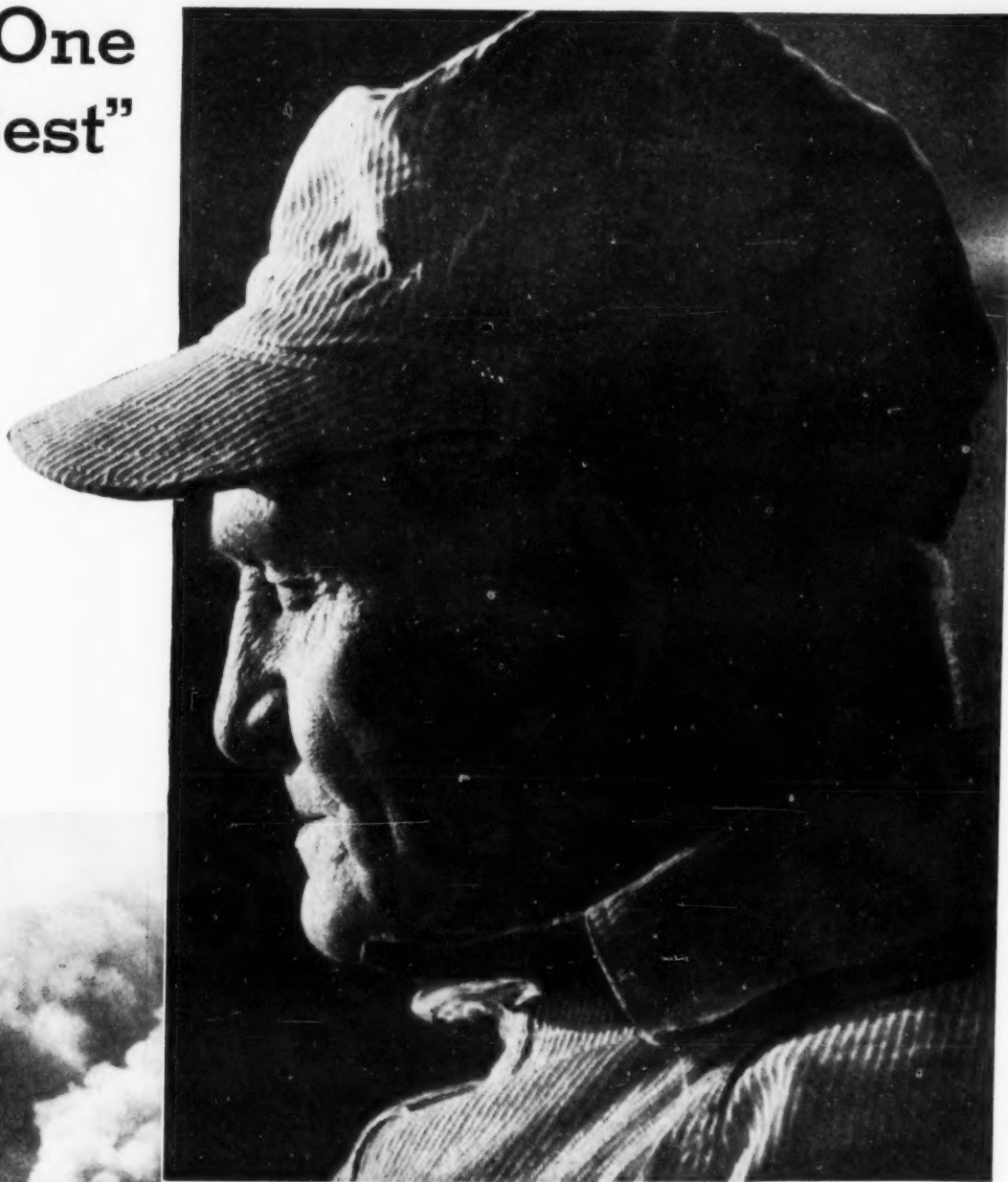
Accidents in WPA work are far less numerous than in comparable employment in private industry. The reason is definite enough, and particularly interesting in view of the lower average of experience among emergency workers. It lies in the fact that the Red Cross has issued over 350,000 first aid certificates to WPA employees.

The WPA avoided accidents because all projects were surveyed, from start to finish, with an eye for safety. Also, it trained five times as many men as were trained during a year of the World War in the rudiments of industrial safety.



# "I'll Take the One That Works Best"

Mr. Loewy streamlined an auto, then a toothbrush, then the Normandie. Now the railroads accept the mode. The man in the cab, who demands an engine that "has the goods," passes favorably on the new streamliners.



The railroads consider a new "front." In one locomotive, all the brute, wasteful power of an earlier era, in the other—the easy flow of modern speed and fully-used energies.

SEVERAL magnificent techniques were learned during the last depression, and not the least of them was that of jamming a product down the throat of a consumer who had very little money. The largest part of this new technique, as you may have heard, revolved about the word "streamline."

Mr. Raymond Loewy, industrial designer, and a fine press agent in his own right, is the man who is largely responsible.

The last group to be won over, as always, were the railroads. They found that it worked, mainly because people liked to ride on good-looking trains. It made good advertising. Combined with a new set of rates, it gave the railroads a needed boom.

It is very interesting to note that railroad streamlining has found favor among the men who run the trains. The grizzled veterans of the throttle are orthodox functionalists. They don't care much how "ole 97" looks. Far more important to the railroad engineer is the matter of his engine's ability to function well, to take a "head of steam" quickly, to throttle easily.

As far as they are concerned, the new streamliners are "OK."



Death of a friend and pomp of a funeral.

Photo Jacobi



Midweek Photo

At Hartsdale, N. Y., there is a quiet cemetery commemorating hundreds of beloved pets.

## Here Lies Fido

The ties of mute affection mean a lot to lonely people. The tombstones in a canine cemetery seem ridiculous only to those who have never loved a dog.

**I**N Hartsdale, N. Y., there is a secluded lot of land where acres of curious tombstones mark the bereavement of families and individuals. The stones read: "His sympathy and understanding enriched our lives through long years of patient and loyal affection," or more emotionally, "Precious baby, our hearts are buried here."

In this plot are buried the pets whose loss made such a gap in the lives of their friends that some permanent memorial was needed to

bridge the distance between living and dead.

As with any display of emotion, the bystander is sometimes shocked or puzzled by the carved intensities. The temptation is to laugh, and say "A dog!" Yet in a way these stones are more touching, more a record of human dependence on affection, than are those in an ordinary cemetery, for there is no custom dictating that a dog must be buried with ceremony and remembered in stone.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly





Sadly they bring the small wooden box to the grave . . .

Photo Jacobi



and the first spadeful falls.

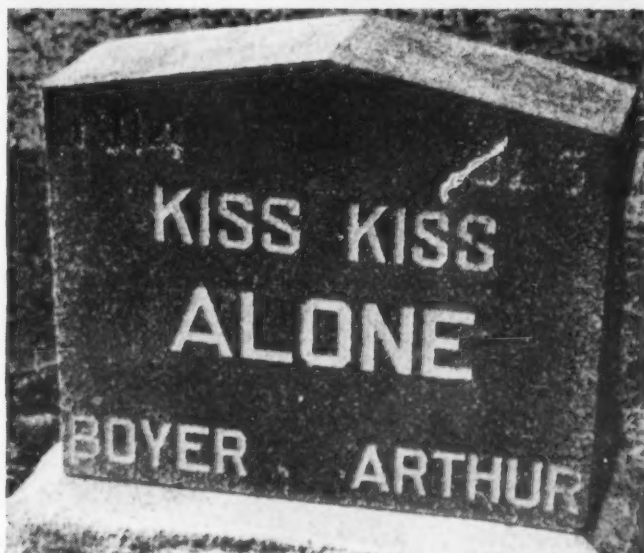
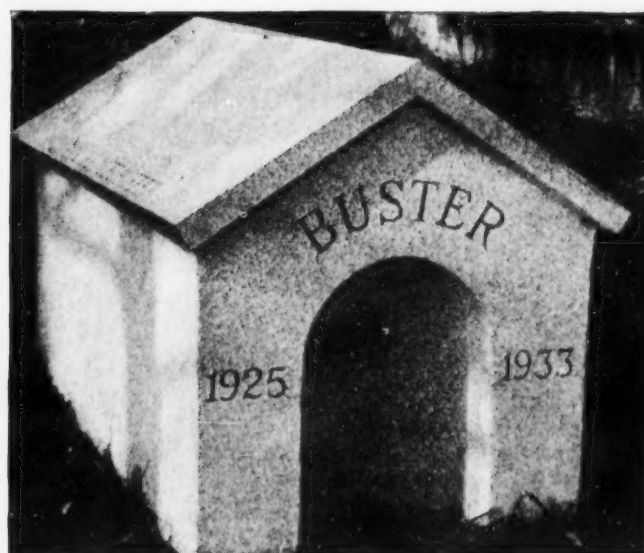
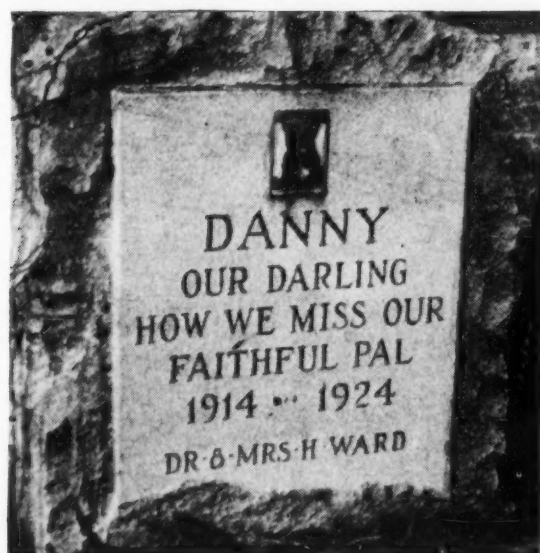
Photo Jacobi

A dog's funeral is a small ceremony unsanctified by religious rite of any kind, yet it has all the elements of personal tragedy to those involved. His tombstone is usually a peculiar private document unrelated to rules of taste.



New grave, new sorrow.

January 27, 1937



Mementoes meaningless to those who never knew their bark.

Midweek Photos



International

In America athletes wear their college or club colors.

## American Sports for Sport's Sake

Leaders of athletics here are taking precautions against any move to nationalize the sports program.



International

In Russia, under nationalization, sports parades are held on political fete days.

THE American Olympic team brought back from Berlin in August a collection of medals and small oak trees symbolic of its victories there. It also came back with the conviction that Germany, although it won the unofficial Olympic championship, had demoralized its sports system during the past few years by nationalizing its athletes.

American leaders of amateur sport were quick to sense the dangers of nationalization and are now taking precautions against the possibility of such a step in this country. They realize that the control of sports in Germany, as in Italy and Russia, has been taken away from the usual private organizations and has been placed in the hands of the government.

Members of the German Olympic team were chosen and trained by the government, and in fact represented the government in the games. This move, it has been charged, violated the spirit of Olympic competition and removed much of the zest and interest from the German athletes' pre-Olympic competition. Sports of any kind are in their very essence an endeavor which should be kept free from any autocratic control.

Obviously every dictatorship government grasps control of sports to make them a part of its military training. The dictator apparently thinks that if he has enough ten-second men in the army, they will be able to run after (or away from) the enemy all the faster and that shot putters and baseball players should be able to toss hand grenades with excellent control. All of which makes every athlete a potential soldier and makes any athletic program a joke so far as maintaining the traditional ideals of sportsmanship and freedom of competition are concerned.

This nationalization of sports extends into the conduct of the





Acme

German girls, dressed in athletic uniforms, take part in political youth movements.

Olympic games if they are held in a country operating under that philosophy. Germany proved in the last games that a country whose athletes are under the thumb of the government can easily go a step farther and run the Olympics as a glorified publicity stunt. In such a case, athletes who were selected to take part find themselves acting as unwilling press agents for the country which four years before had been chosen to hold the games.

The military and political side-shows which were held in conjunction with the races at Berlin far overshadowed in importance the athletic events as far as the Nazi authorities and spectators were concerned. No spirit of sports for sport's sake permeated the games, the spirit was rather one of sports for Germany's sake. German winners were hailed as heroes while foreign winners were either politely cheered or entirely ignored, as in the case of the American Negroes.

Such incidents have no place at an Olympiad, and would not have occurred if Germany had not used the sports festival as one step in its nationalization program. No country, not even the one in which the Olympiad takes place, has the right to dominate the scene so completely with its nationalistic propaganda.

The next Olympics will be held in 1940 in Japan, which thus far has indicated that the games will be run solely for the purposes for which they were instituted, leaving out any attempts at international complications or skulduggery.

The most promising move in this direction came recently from the president of the Amateur Athletic Union of Japan, who went on record as being opposed to nationalization of the Olympics and of athletes who are eligible for the Olympics.

In this country leadership against any move to foster nationalization of sports has been assumed by Jeremiah T. Mahoney, recently elected president of the Amateur Athletic Union. In approving the Japanese sports leader's position, Mr. Mahoney has this to say on the subject:

"No Olympic committee of

any country to which an Olympiad is assigned should turn all of its functions to the government as in Germany this year, so that an Olympiad may be used as an adjunct to the development of a country's military preparedness.

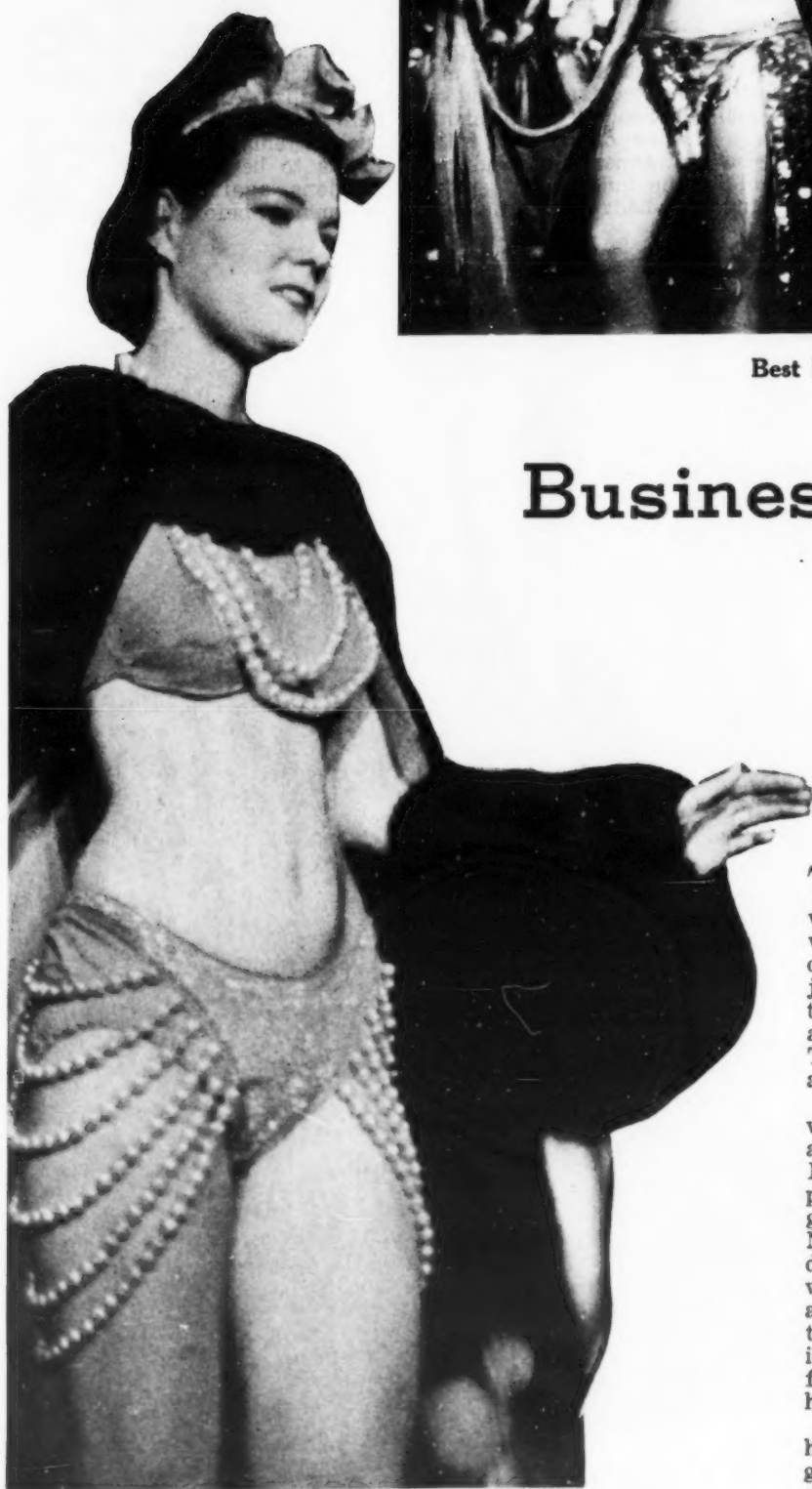
"That is all contrary to the Olympic concept and to the purposes for which the Olympics were created. So, too, Olympic prospects should not be the subject of national training and national selection. All of this should be a matter of private enterprise and supervision and control by the independent sports-controlling body of any country."

The stand of the A. A. U. president is quickly being adopted by other leaders of amateur sport, and an imposing bulwark against any possible attempt to nationalize America's sports is being erected. Whether any such attempt will be made remains to be seen, but the precautions against it are being taken now before it is too late.



Acme

The ever-present swastika lends an official touch to all sports carnivals in Germany.



The first, or full-dress stage.



Performance photographs by Bligh-Colbert

Best known tonic for tired businessmen.

## Businessmen Relax Again

Now that we have turned that corner, the tired businessman nurses his fatigue in the 1929 manner, thus the night club, too, recuperates.

THAT tired feeling for some businessmen means mid-winter vacations, strenuous week-ends of golf, or similar outdoor diversions, but the majority cling to the old tried-and-true remedies, musical comedies and night club floor shows. Times may change, but the best antidote for figures is figures.

Just why women and song—with or without wine—are such a restorative is hard to say. Night clubs are stuffy, noisy places, and the floor shows are generally garish and exhausting. Nevertheless, the captain of industry who at five o'clock is so weary that he can scarcely lift a highball glass is willing, not to say eager, to stuff himself into a boiled shirt and sally forth to one of these alleged haunts of pleasure.

At the end of four or five hours watching a number of girls prancing about in as little as the law allows, he is so refreshed that without a murmur

he makes a miniature war-debt payment and goes home at peace with the world.

Meanwhile, the little ladies in the floor-show are getting more and more tired as they dance and sing for the cash customers. They aren't paid very well, they work hard, and they know that the chances are only about one in a million of marrying or attaching themselves to some handsome and open-handed playboy, *a la Hollywood*. Except for the few talented ones who achieve headlines as singers, dancers, or strippers, the majority are ambitious for a place in the chorus of a Broadway show, or for a life of married bliss with some poor but honest lad from the old home town. Most of them take their jobs for granted, and offer no apologies for them. In some ways their lot is preferable to that of typists or department store sales girls, and few would want to trade places.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly





When the mask and yachting costume are removed, no one is surprised to find a girl inside.



The quest for novelty lures this chorus into men's shorts, shirts and spats.



"Smile at all times" is a cardinal rule for a chorus girl. Actually, the girls have little to smile about.



This likewise becomes a girl at the proper time.



The girls work hard, and aren't overpaid, but they like their jobs better than clerking or typing.



How it's done with dummies. Sugar-daddies are scarcer than they used to be.

# America Discovers Winter

Places which formerly were known for their horseback riding, hiking and boating are now our best winter resorts.



Austrian girls, like the one above, are the best feminine skiers, but American girls are learning fast.

Steiner Heiniger



The beauty of Yose



At Lassen Volcanic National Park, California, the volcano's boiling springs send steam through vents in the snow.

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of Yosemite National Park in the winter.

THE wave of enthusiasm for skiing and other winter sports which has swept through the country this year has demonstrated that in America can be found some of the most beautiful and, from the sportsman's viewpoint, the most entertaining winter resorts in the world.

Many localities, known for years as popular summer resorts, suddenly have developed their potentialities as winter playgrounds, and have attracted crowds of winter sports enthusiasts to their snow-covered hills and ice-covered ponds.

The national parks of the country have taken the lead in publicizing their facilities for skiing and other hardy outdoor pursuits. Popular in the past solely for the opportunities they offered for summer sunshine and sport, they now inaugurate winter seasons as well, take advantage of sloping ski trails and scenic beauty rivaled only by the majestic Alps of Switzerland.

To the Scandinavian settlers in the Middle West goes much of the credit for fostering interest in that part of the country, where national parks are rapidly gaining favor as winter wonderlands. But interest in winter sports had its inception in this country in the New England states, then spread westward.



The Ski House at Badger Pass, Yosemite National Park, provides a cheery log fire for winter sports fans after they have tried out the near-by ski trails.

# Daring Duennas of the Payroll

A trained army of sharp-shooters guards a city's heavy payrolls in rolling fortresses of steel, with machine guns and tear gas ready for bold bandits.

THE armored car first sprang up as an adjunct to the Treasury department and was quickly adopted by companies who had to transport large sums in cash from place to place in the cities of the United States.

At first the companies making armored cars did not pay special attention to training the men that drove the machines, figur-

drivers are allowed out with a payroll. Naturally the characters of the drivers and their assistants is sternly looked into.

The payrolls are made up by girls sitting in bullet-proof compartments. When the amount has been checked and rechecked, the men are called in. The money is carried out to the car quickly and quietly by a mes-



ing that the bullet-proof, blow-out proof, bomb-proof, gas-proof nature of the vehicle was sufficient protection. But after a clever, well-planned Brooklyn payroll robbery in which gangsters disguised as street-cleaners and peddlers nonchalantly took over an armored car and its contents in broad daylight, the companies began to give serious attention to training their drivers.

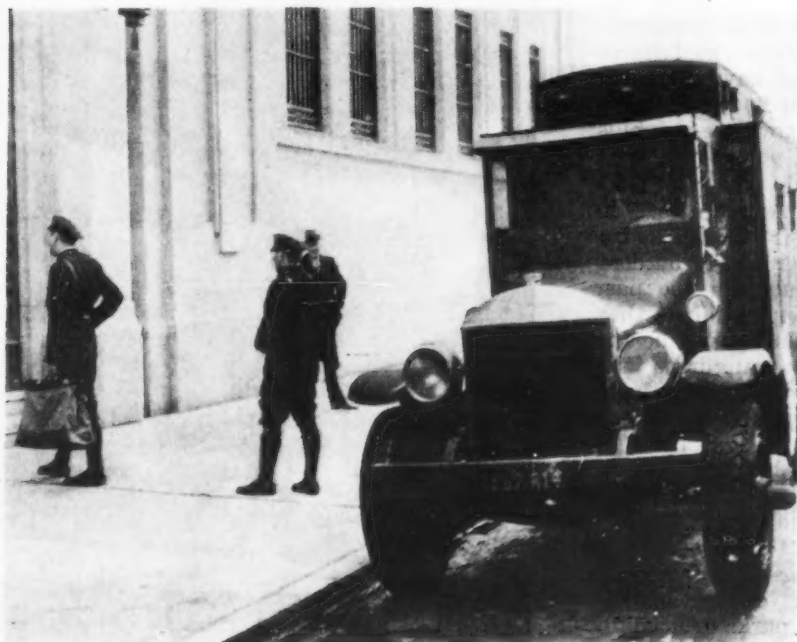
Months of practise in the target school are required before

senger who is covered by the trained guns of both the bank's guards and the drivers.

The truck goes quickly through the streets, and the process is reversed for delivery. In outdoor work, the truck arrives on pay day and the paymaster sits right inside the truck, while the men file in one at a time, always covered by the guards. Each man enters alone, receives his money, signs his receipt, and departs.



These men have had thorough training in marksmanship, and can hit a bullseye—in practice or in "business."



With drawn guns, armored car guards follow military tactics to repel a bandit attack.



# Bathrobe Baron

By Dorothy Rockwell

**The three Safir brothers own, direct and manage the huge Rabhor Robe Company. Their story reads like the tale of Dick Whittington.**

"FIFTEEN years ago, the man who could afford a bathrobe owned a Rolls-Royce," said Leo C. Safir, self-styled Bathrobe King of America, not to say of the world.

Mr. Safir sits in a well-appointed office at 1450 Broadway, on the fourth floor, behind a door bearing the chaste legend, "Rabhor Robes." Deep rugs, good furniture and subtle appointments hedge him round.

Mr. Safir himself is a tall, impressive man, and reticent. His face is strong, his manner brusque without rudeness.

Mr. Safir is self-made. But his story from the very beginning shows that it was not his winning smile but his sound far-reaching knowledge of business methods that got him where he is. And to look at him now you would suspect, if you didn't know better, that he had never been a little boy.

Self-made. He was born of a mixed Polish and German family, in Dyersburg, Tennessee, which at the time numbered less than 5000 souls, and of these the Safirs numbered ten. His father was a "cloak-and-suit man," who in 1900 moved his small business and his sprawling family to Brooklyn.

Leo went through six grades of school, and decided to brave the world. He never worked with or for his father, not he. His career started when he became a licensed plumber. He soon found that his business acumen was wasted on the fine art of joint-wiping. When you've learned to wipe a joint, you've learned to wipe a joint, and there's no more to learn.

Still in his younger teens, Leo looked around for a field in which to pioneer, and his choice reflects the sober judgment and sound, unspectacular method that has been apparent ever since. He invented and patented a device for cutting lace curtains.

Ten out of ten people never think that unknown inventors are behind every household com-



Leo Safir, the Bathrobe Baron, from his large and neat desk in New York, directs the whole works, heads the dynasty.

(Nelson)

modity. Yet even at that tender age, Leo knew that the real field for business progress lay in doing what the consumer thought of as already having been done, and doing it better than it had been done.

So before he was eighteen, he was running a handkerchief factory single-handed.

You and I assume that there have always been handkerchiefs. That is why the business was such a success, on the consumer end.

On the production end, the handkerchief success story involved what historians call the Long View. Leave profit out of your calculations, that's the business Long View. That's what enabled Leo to weather the depression unscathed, even expanding his business.

Came the war. Again Leo prospered, in a quiet way, and rendered his government the first of a series of services, by managing a base hospital laundry. And you can bet he did it well.

After the war he found himself in Philadelphia, where he received a present of a half-interest in a defunct mill. He looked over the layout, made calculations, revived the mill's credit, left profit out of his calculations, and in thirty months sold the mill for \$180,000, of which he, naturally, got half.

He could now afford a bathrobe. But behind his achievement of the bathrobe lay his realization that there must be something wrong with the business if you had to wait till you had reached your middle twenties and sold a mill before you could have one.

He went around to warehouses. He noticed two factors at once. "Bathrobes were hanging on the racks like a lot of dried herrings," he said. And the other thing was that a lot

of money went into buying other people's patterns, other people's cloth designs, other people's lengths of material. He saw that bathrobes could be put within reach of everyone's pocketbooks if production costs were cut by a larger initial outlay, and if employment were given on a long-term basis.

And the answer to the problem of how to interest the consumer in having a bathrobe (for there are so many of us who contentedly resign what is beyond or even within our reach if it is not made attractive) was to package it well and display it smartly.

It was not easy to set all this machinery in motion. But Mr. Safir was determined to start the first bathrobe factory, as distinguished from a bathrobe assembly plant. He had to begin with little capital in a small factory built with an eye to enlargement. He had to get employees, fix a wage scale, and see to it that the work was distributed so bathrobe-making from A to Z was a 52-week-a-year job. Also he had to tie up with cardboard manufacturers so he could make his own boxes, and he had to set an advertising and publicity campaign in motion at once.

All this he did. In 1922, he located at South Norwalk, Connecticut, with twenty employees, small floor-space, and big ideas. His goal was a million bathrobes a year. The first year he made twenty thousand. Since then the factory has moved twice and undergone two enlargements. A third is in process of completion.

When this is built, the plant will have about 65,000 square feet of floor space and will employ around 600 people. Last year the company made 700,000

(Continued on page 31)



His brother, Charles, strongly resembles Leo, handles sales and advertising.



And in South Norwalk, brother George superintends the plant itself.

# The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

MAXWELL ANDERSON continues to prove that he can juggle words with greater beauty than any of our native playwrights. But he continues also to prove that he is often deficient in the business of juggling dramaturgy. His "The Wingless Victory" presents anew both pieces of evidence. It has passages of uncommon flame and eloquence; it now and again warbles with a voice of strength and lovely color; but as drama it falls short. It is not merely that its plot and theme are stale and dusty; it is not only that certain of its characters are out of the old attic trunk and lack the fresh steam of life. It is that Mr. Anderson's dramatic hand has failed to lay hold of these venerable materials and these mossy characters and compose them into a tight, taut, animated, ringing dramatic whole, however familiar. His stage is from time to time simply the scene of a reporting of what has happened elsewhere, and what of immediate action it presents is often dramatized out of itself with excessive verbiage. There are, it must be repeated and emphasized, moments when his exhibit, through the sheer force and power of his rhythmic prose, moves warmly into its audience's heart and sympathy and compassion, but there are more moments when it talks itself out of countenance.

The materials, as I have noted, are mothly. A New England sea captain brings back, at the beginning of the last century, to his hidebound and bigoted New England home a Malay princess as wife. The scheme of the play lies in the snooty reaction of the community to her, in its bitter hostility to her native theology and ideals, in its separation of husband and wife, and in the latter's despairful murder of the two children who have been born to them and in her suicide. We have had that tale, in one form or another, often enough, the good Lord knows, and Mr. Anderson has brought little to it that is new. Only his periodic passages of singing purple are provided to us as recompense.

Katharine Cornell offers herself in the stellar role. Her offering, however, aside from a very effective makeup and beau-

tiful costuming, is otherwise on the short side. She makes utterly no gesture toward characterization; her Malay woman is little more than Michael Arlen's or Sidney Howard's or Margaret Ayer Barnes's Katharine Cornell with face and arms smeared with walnut juice. Take off the makeup, put a modern sports outfit on her, and Maxwell Anderson's Oparre as Miss Cornell presents her to us is just Iris March slightly crossed with "Dishonored Lady." In the role of the sea captain, Walter Abel is shockingly bad. He substitutes a lot of cheap stock company ranting for emotion; his physical comportment leads one to suspect that he imagines Maxwell Anderson is Harry Clay Blaney; and his gesticulations are straight out of a Tammany Hall chowder jamboree. The entire exhibit is a disappointment. From it one gets only, as *pourboire*, the occasional fine gleam and flash of Anderson's poetic muse.

Clare Boothe's "The Women," shown at the Ethel Barrymore theatre, is a scrutiny of the female of the species in the nude and enjoys the merit of some biting observation, some highly applaudable honesty, and some acid wit. I notice that some of my critical colleagues score it on its unpleasantness, but how such a theme could conceivably—with any integrity at all—be made pleasant is difficult to make out. As a result of this so-called unpleasantness, the play has suffered several derogatory reviews, quite as such similarly unpleasant plays as Bourdet's "The Sex Fable" and Bromfield's "De Luxe" have suffered even more of them in the past.

That Miss Boothe's play is unpleasant, I personally am one fully to agree. But critically I can't see that that has or should have anything to do with an appraisal of it. As a matter of fact, one of the critical objections I have to it is that the one pleasant character in it, the one woman of the whole smelly lot of thirty-five who is presented as noble, decent, gracious and clean, to wit, the married heroine who fights to regain her lost husband, is altogether too damned pleasant. In respect to this one character, it strikes me

that the author has cheated. They don't make 'em that immaculately saintly—unless I haven't been getting around as much as I should. Surely there is in her a trace, however mild and concealed, of Miss Boothe's other fowl, if Miss Boothe had been forthright enough to look for it, or to admit it.

What the play will have to overcome with many persons in its audiences is the ingrained sentimentality that permeates a liberal share of the American theatregoing public. That even some of our professional drama critics are not entirely free from it is indicated by their lavish praise of Miss Margalo Gillmore, who plays the role of the one noble female. Although Miss Gillmore gives a first-rate performance, the best by all odds, indeed, that she has thus far given, and although she deserves the praise, I have a feeling that a deal of it was unconsciously bestowed upon her less because of the merit of her acting performance than because the role she appears in was warming to the aforesaid critics' morality and gentler emotions. That almost equally sweet notices were accorded the child actress, Charita Bauer, who had the sympathetic role of the unhappy daughter of the saintly creature, would appear to substantiate my belief.

In this, her second play to be shown on the local stage, Miss Boothe indicates a considerable advance in her grasp of the playwright's craft. Her first effort, "Abide With Me," left all kinds of things to be desired, but in this later exhibit she displays an eye to character and a hand for the stage that were previously absent. She has not yet entirely succeeded in avoiding a certain repetitiousness and incidental monotony both in the manipulation of character and of her stage, but that she is on the way is obvious. I would lament the inclusion in her script of several rather shabby Broadway wisecracks if I believed they were her own, but rumor hath it that they were inserted by Rialto play-fixers during the Philadelphia tryout. All in all, to sum up and to repeat, "The Women" is an honestly unpleasant and often entertaining evening in the theatre, one that is as frequently

offensive to the personal nostril as it is agreeable to the critical, and one that—save in the alluded to instance of the pure and beatific heroine—at least tries to report a faithfully observed gang of female lice faithfully, soundly, and shamelessly.

Among the actresses entrusted with the jobs of delineating the noted lice are Ilka Chase, excellent as a married woman who talks about men the way her husband doubtless thinks about women; Margaret Douglass, equally admirable as a caricature (and not such a caricature at that) of a certain aged female who has occupied the headlines during the last three years by virtue of her lust for amorous biceps; and—they, too, merit a little nosegay—Audrey Christie, Betty Lawford and Phyllis Povah.

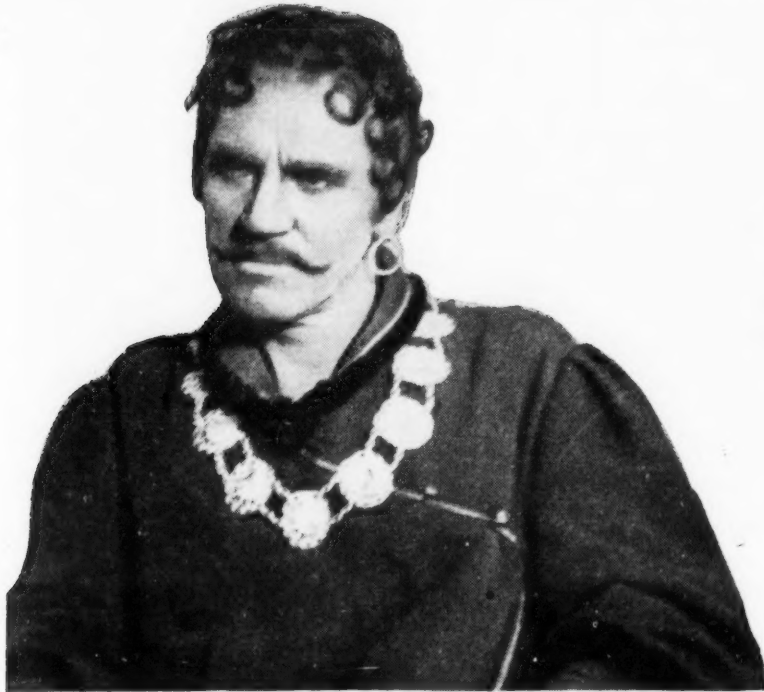
Martin Flavin, who at one time was hailed by the more ebullient and less meditative critics as one of the hopes of the American drama and who proceeded promptly thereafter to make them blush with some of the worst plays seen on the native stage since Sidney Rosenfeld stopped writing, adds further to their discomfiture with something called "Around the Corner." Billed at once pretentiously and very optimistically as "an American play for the American people," it reveals itself as a fifth-rate dose of claptrap about a family caught in the evils of the late depression and it contains some of the saddest hokum that even Mr. Flavin himself has thus far vouchsafed to his customers. I give you the wife who seeks to restrain her husband from leaving her by informing him that she is going to have a baby as just one convincing illustration. A number of competent actors, Charles Coburn at their head, are wasted on the dreary proceedings. The constant loud slam of the screen door in the play's single setting is unintentionally but acutely symbolic of the audience and critical reaction.

Of Henry Bernstein's "Promise," suffice it for the moment to say that it is exceptionally dull and dreary stuff upon which Mr. Gilbert Miller has wasted some highly competent actors. More anon.



# The Moor of Venice

Walter Huston's "Othello" rants through two acts of tangled emotion, ends with a brief run on Broadway.

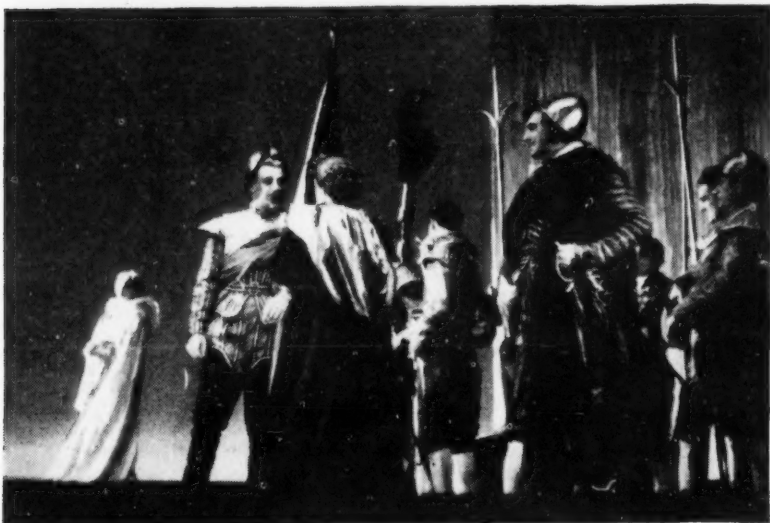


The play is woven around Iago, but Mr. Huston (above) carries the burden of simplicity to great effect.

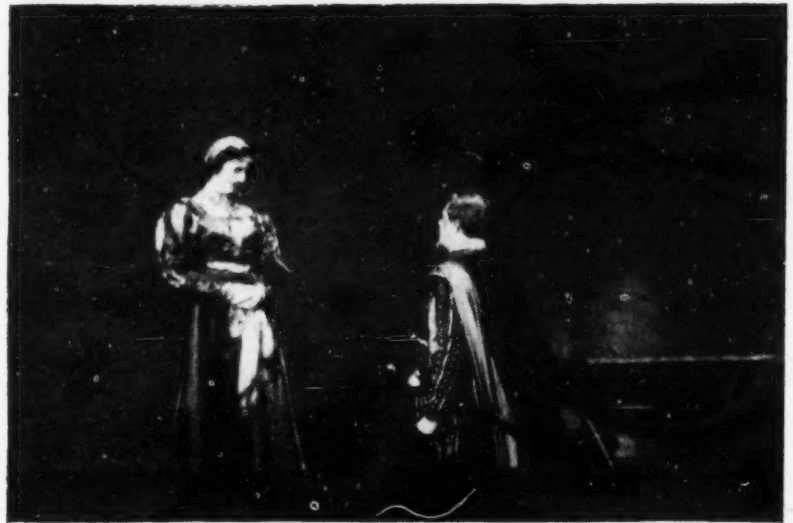


(Performance photos by Nelson)

Othello: "Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter."



Desdemona: "Oh, but I fear—How lost you company?"  
Cassio: "The great contention of the sea and skies . . ."



Desdemona: "I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift . . ."



Iago: "Indeed?"  
Othello: "Indeed, aye, indeed:  
discerns't thou aught in that?"



Iago: "But let her live."  
Othello: "Damn her, lewd minx!  
Oh, damn her!"



Desdemona: "To whom, my lord?  
with whom? how am I false?"  
Othello: "O Desdemona! Away!"

# Movie Stuff and Stuffings

Camille

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ALTOGETHER, despite the glamorous art of Greta Garbo, the handsome period interiors of director George Cukor, the box-office draw of Robert Taylor, and the fond attachment one has for Dumas' everlasting romantic idyll, M. G. M.'s "Camille" is a disappointment.

In the first place, Cukor has directed the film in a hushed and worshipful spirit, and his actors as though they were made out of French pastry, not flesh and blood. He has managed to divest Marguerite Gautier of any reality she possessed as a woman; and although Dumas had beatified Marguerite for his own purposes into a minor angel, Mr. Cukor has enshrined her only a few steps below the halo of a saint.

It is, of course, a rare pleasure in the theatre to sit and watch Garbo perform. The woman's art shines out of every gesture; she is as white and pliable as her own flowers, always gracious and secret. And a welcome reality that restores one from the hordes of unfinished blondes, the jazzy torch-singers, the adolescent kewpie dolls who decorate the screen with the callow pulchritude of a college boys' fraternity dance.

But she has too much to contend against to carry off the film. There is Mr. Taylor, for example. It is conceivable that as a naval officer on furlough in the Hawaiians, where he would be called on to exhibit a profile properly silhouetted against the moon and a couple of palm trees, Mr. Taylor could turn in a creditable performance. But as Armand Duval, the best he can manage in the love scenes is a kind of calf-like lovelornness, a shiny expression around the eyes, and a carefully rehearsed smile; while in the death scene, where any actor not half as handsome as Mr. Taylor would wring you dry, Robert manages to summon an indifferent frown that comes no nearer actual anguish than a cramp comes near rigor mortis.

Garbo, also, seems to suffer from an excess of gentility. Cukor has evidently had her subdue her coughs into a gentle minor shaking and a vague distress that might possibly afflict someone suffering from a small cold but certainly not someone in the advanced stage of tuberculosis that killed off the Lady of the Camillias.

Finally, a "Camille" that does not make you cry is no "Camille" worth talking about. There shouldn't be a dry eye in the theatre after the dying Marguerite struggles to get out of her bed and dress herself for her Armand. Within our own memory we can recall the unashamed tears that flowed down our cheeks as the white and doomed woman, dying in her lover's arms, whispers to him of the country home they will have together. This was the paragon of tear-jerkers, the ace of hokum. No "Magnificent Obsession" can touch it. For those last tears wash Dumas' beautiful example of the sacrificial "lost woman" clean, and nimbus her far above the good and respectable housewives and moral folk Dumas was lecturing.

But to sit and watch Garbo die with a minimum of theatrics, to close her eyes and be dead, and to see Taylor holding the dead woman with no more expression on his face than a milk-can, is to be cheated out of "Camille" altogether.

If one cannot cry even slightly, then the best thing to do is forget about the whole business, remember only those brief scenes in which Garbo displays all the subtleties of her art. And how lovely the woman can be, long nose, bony shoulders and all.

College Holiday

Paramount

Mr. Jack Benny graciously explains to you at the close of "College Holiday," suspended, at the moment, in a huge Cupid's bow-pierced heart, that the picture you have just seen is an example of classic Greek tragedy, but when, however, the story got in the way of the art in the film the producers were compelled to compromise: they dropped both the story and the art. Such a gallant confession in public should endear the film to you, and make you appreciate Mr. Benny as a man of exemplary frankness, particularly when the film demonstrates how correct Mr. Benny's confession is. There is, truthfully, neither story nor art in "College Holiday," but there is something resembling a disorganized vaudeville show rehearsing a routine to be presented someday at the California State Insane Asylum by Mr. Adolph Zukor, now celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary as a movie mogul.

As the Mr. Bowster who is part-owner of the Casa Del Mar Hotel, and who has undertaken to deliver for the benefit of Etienne Girandot, the Professor Hercules Dove who admires the Greeks, a number of collegiate specimens on whom Hercules will endeavor to create a super-race of Apollos and Dianas, Mr. Benny has the attitude of a man trying to maintain his sanity in a padded cell over-run with talented lunatics. The lunatics include Martha Raye, who is a Miss Schlagenheimer from Corn City; Ben Blue, who is an infinitely dopey electrician; Gracie Allen, who is Calliope Dove, the Professor's surrealist daughter, and Georgie Burns, who turns out to be the perfect Greek; and Mary Boland, who is Carola Gaye, determined to give the Professor all the money he needs to make Greeks out of graduates.

Miss Raye wanders about the stage having flower-pots dropped on her head, uppercutting in-offensive Ben Blue, tears songs to tatters, and at one point actually hurls down the façade of a Greek temple.

Mr. Blue, also, specializes in the tradition of violent slapstick, and takes his conking with an affable insensitiveness to pain. There is one quaint moment when Mr. Blue, Miss Allen, and Mr. Burns perform a dance to Paderewski's Minuet. This can only be seen. There is another moment when Gracie drives a four-horse chariot along a public highway, and illustrates how she has trained her team to whoa when she shouts "giddyap," and giddyap when she shouts "whoa."

All this may be Greek to you as it was to Mr. Benny, but it's funny enough in any language.

Revolutionists

Amkino

A gloomy, confusing, uninspired document of the pre-revolutionary days of 1905, with only a hint of the greatness of the Russian films. There are isolated passages of interest and power, and some of the photographic genius of the Russian masters, but on the whole "Revolutionists" is not a major item on the Russian list.

The film is excessively political. There are too many private references, too many heated arguments about a phase of the Russian Revolution which can-

not possibly hold much interest for an American audience which is not schooled in the long and arduous political development of the Soviet revolution. It is doubtful whether an average audience has even the faintest knowledge of the meaning of the inter-party struggle that raged for years between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks in the old All-Russian Social Democratic Party, and whether climaxes which are reached by one character upbraiding Plekhanov as "once a liar, always a liar" can have any point for an American clientele.

It appears, also, to me to be in bad taste to belabour the dead the way "Revolutionists" belabours the defunct Menshevik faction of the Russian S.D.P. Perhaps if less time had been devoted to kicking the corpse of Menshevism and more to unthreading the story of Alexander Mikhailov, the Bolshevik hero, the film as a whole would be materially better. As it stands now, Alexander's story is a continually vanishing thread.

The instances which remain as competent film are the Siberian episodes and the massacre of the people of Moscow during the Bloody Sunday of 1905 when the poor of the city followed the false Father Gapon to petition the Czar for help. Here we are shown the interior of one of the huge communal barracks in which the workers lived on the Sunday morning preceding the massacre.

The gloom, the sweat, the scrupulous effort of the people to wear their best that morning, their credulous faith in the Czar's goodness, their pious simplicity, is poignantly set off against the assassination that is being prepared for them at the royal palace.

On the other hand, the revolt in 1905 of the Moscow workers, and the barricade fighting is not credible. The revolt seems strictly limited to a few badly armed men and women, the barricade looks as effective as a wall of tissue-paper; yet, nevertheless, we are asked to give credence to this handful of volunteers, aided by a pregnant woman throwing dynamite sticks that explode like marshmallows, as the conquerors of the crack Semenovskiy regiment of the Czar! This becomes no longer history: it becomes Douglas Fairbanks and the Mark of Zorro.

—ALFRED HAYES



# Again the Drama of the Soil

M-G-M's "The Good Earth" casts Paul Muni and Luise Rainer as fighters with and against the ground they live on.



Wang Lung the farmer sets off for the village to claim the slave-bride he has bought.



Wang Lung, dissatisfied with his sick wife, insults her by announcing that he wants another.



She works willingly with him in the field, announces meekly that she is with child.



His second wife, Lotus Blossom, is a scheming tea-house girl, lovely but far younger than he.



Famine and revolution over, the family return to the land, enriched by stolen jewels.



Wang is happy till he discovers that his eldest son, the pride of his house, has deceived him with Lotus.

# Books in Review



**JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES**  
Condemns the Fascists



**LEWIS WOLBERG, M.D.**  
Tells What to Eat and Why



**A. G. MACDONNEL**  
Visualizes the Coming War

## "Behind the Spanish Barricades"

**J**OHN LANGDON-DAVIES, Special Correspondent of the London News-Chronicle, author of "A Short History of the Future," biologist and poet, has written a sound and understanding picture of Spain behind her barricades. He knows the language. He has many friends there, of all beliefs, whose stories he tells. We meet a marquis, a music hall singer—Chloe; President Companys of Catalunya; Paco, editor of the chief socialist paper in Madrid, who also went out every afternoon to do a bit of fighting.

Besides talking with people Mr. Davies let the waves of Spanish crowds flow over his head until he sensed that the spiritual force of Spain has never come from any central organ, that it comes from every cell and tissue; it has to be quelled village by village, and so long as one village remains with its barricades intact, Spain will not be fascist.

But he has not written an impassioned book. He sketches the political background of the war: how the democratic government arrived legally in power; the plans of Fascists to overthrow it; General Franco's plan to proclaim a Fascist Republic in Morocco; the promises of help from the Fascist International—Italy, Germany, and Portugal. The actual tinder which caught fire was the shooting of a Government policeman by a Fascist on July 12. Within a few hours a valuable Fascist leader was murdered (on personal grounds it was later discovered).

But the Fascists feared the Government was out to make them leaderless. So on July 18 the legally elected government of Spain was attacked by a small minority of vested interests without popular support, but with weapons of modern war.

Mr. Davies sees several significant things revealed by the Spanish tragedy:

"We have come to the end of a period of National wars. There will never again be a united nation fighting against another united nation. War from now on will involve civil war. Europe is divided into two halves, the Fascist International and the Anti-Fascist International. . . . What is the Anti-Fascist International? It is Russia, nine-tenths of France, one-half of England—and some smaller more civilized countries such as the Scandinavian.

"Second, we have come to an end of a period when capitalism, dressed in democratic fashions, prided itself on being patriotic, we are coming to the period when capitalism in its fascist phase abandons even

patriotism in the cause of profit."

The terrifying fact which Mr. Davies elicits from non-intervention in Abyssinia and in Spain is that Great Britain is being sold into fascist captivity; for if there is any hope of saving democracy in England from fascism abroad its one chance is a powerful France. But consider how France would be weakened by permitting the Fascist International to triumph in Spain! No, it seems that Mr. Baldwin's policy is "that in no part of the world must a Popular Front Government be allowed to succeed."

("Behind the Spanish Barricades." John Langdon-Davies. McBride. \$2.75.)

\* \* \*

## "Psychology of Eating"

**W**HAT would you say people want most? First, love? And then health? Lewis Wolberg, M.D., psychiatrist at Kings Park State Hospital, says in "Psychology of Eating" that health affects love and health depends greatly on a proper point of view on diet.

The vital information he gives boils down to: The daily diet of each person must adequately fulfil the following requirements: first, fuel for energy expenditure, proteins for rebuilding body tissues; minerals and roughage. In order to get proteins one should consume daily one or two generous servings of meat or fish or cheese, one or more eggs, and at least a pint of milk. You don't have to think about the minerals. They are present in the milk, eggs, meat, and vegetables. Energy is taken care of by sugar and fats. And by this time we all know how much roughage we need.

Dr. Wolberg has a good laugh at the humors of popular reducing methods, at the Hay sun diet, and at the hundred and one fads.

His conclusions on alcohol should please liquor dealers: "alcohol in strict moderation will remain one of the most delectable, if not justifiable, vices of mankind."

The book also contains an account of the evolution of man's eating habits, menus with the vitamin content of foodstuffs, and many secrets for the obese.

("Psychology of Eating." Lewis Wolberg, M.D. McBride. \$3.00.)

\* \* \*

## "Lords and Masters"

**O**UR "Lords and Masters" are, of course, the men folks. A. G. Macdonnel describes them, with daring wit and gouging satire, bringing about another European war.

James Hanson became a Hyperion in the steel industry making arms before the world war. Then he retired until he heard of a newly invented alloy which would supplant steel.

Hanson knew that this alloy would ruin steel and that all the great powers of Europe would be forced into war in order to obtain a share in the Cimbrian gloxite. He decided to avert war (and incidentally to save his holdings in steel) by dynamiting the gloxite workings, even though it had been discovered that gloxite would cure cancer. (His daughter dies of cancer at the end of the story.) He says: "Can't you see I want to save the world from another war? Can't you see that I must sacrifice this handful for the welfare of the rest? If one woman dies of cancer, six will live to bear children. Bring on your world war and six will be killed by gas bombs, and the seventh will bear a rickety starveling."

So he blew up gloxite. "But all was in vain. The news of the destruction of the gloxite mines reached Germany just as three fleets had been mobilized for the triple bombing of Cimbria. As the whole reason for the triple bombing had been removed the leader wished to cancel the war. But the military experts assured him that this was impossible for technical reasons. So the air fleets started off, and the air fleets of France, and Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Roumania and Poland instantly mobilized for defence against this unheard-of aggression, and having been mobilized could not for technical reasons be de-mobilized without doing some sort of defending, so they bombed Berlin."

But there is more to Mr. Macdonnel's book than this bitter take-off of—shall we say—the Austrian iron production situation?

Besides the lords and masters, with their little games, there are some delightful female characters. The book is wise, sobering and timely as well as amusing.

("Lords and Masters." A. G. Macdonnel. Macmillan. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

## Worth Reading

"**A**PES AND MONKEYS," by E. G. Boulenger, lavishly supplied with photographs of unlovely animal faces, is a genealogy of Mr. Huxley's ancestors.

("Apes and Monkeys." E. G. Boulenger. McBride. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

Ellery Queen's latest mystery is out: "The Door Between." It's good news for mystery fans.

(Frederick Stokes. \$2.00.)

—HORNER YOUNG.



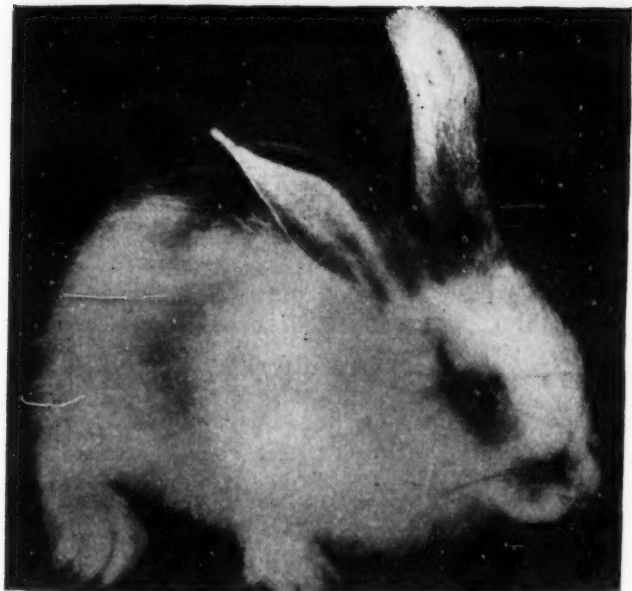
# Ulysses and the Beasts

"An American Doctor's Odyssey" (W. W. Norton and Co., \$3.50) shows the reader how Doctor Heiser's itinerary was influenced by rats and lice, his accomplishments made possible by dogs and calves, his whole contribution to human safety and progress helped by, and proved on, animals even more than on human beings.

(All photos Wide World)



The Pig. His scavenging habits were the first cholera preventive, for he ate the source of infection.



The Rabbit. In Java, some Dutchmen inoculated him with smallpox, then used him to infect a calf, and found themselves in possession of a long-term vaccine.



The Rat. By exterminating him, they killed his fleas, and stopped an epidemic source of plague in Manila.



The Dog. He was a proving ground for all sorts of serum, able to survive longer than the guinea pig.



The Kangaroo. He cropped up in Australia, land of almost prehistoric animal life, where the health was good.

For Radio Fans Only—

## Stars That Barter Talent

Jolson says to Cantor, "I'll give you me if you give me you."

IT'S a new refreshed and refreshing Al Jolson that's decorating the airways these Tuesday nights. This year's Mammy singer is a spryer performer than the Jolson of other microphone years.

And, unlike many other ether stars of smaller stature, Jolson realizes the importance of sharing rather than hogging the spotlight. First, he advised his sponsors to engage Sid Silvers in his support—this, in face of the fact that Silvers has already lost out on two similar assignments by being too good. Then he advocated the engagement of raucous Martha Raye. These foils, however, do much to add to the glamour surrounding the blackface star rather than detracting from it.

Before his present vehicle debuted on the air, there were insidious rumors that Jolson was desperately ill and would be unable to go on.

The sponsors were naturally disturbed and immediately put through a call to the singer's Beverly Hills estate. Jolson insisted that they send a doctor to examine him.

When the physician arrived early in the morning, Jolson was playing an after-breakfast game of handball. He invited the doctor to join him.

After the game they showered and dressed for the bridge path. Then Jolson asked the doctor to sit in on a hectic session about his material on the forthcoming broadcast.

In the afternoon, they watched the USC-Notre Dame game and dropped around to the dressing rooms to josh with the team members.

Returning to the Jolson home, the doctor, watching for symptoms of distress which might substantiate the rumors of Al's illness, accompanied him on a vigorous walk around the grounds of his estate.

After dinner, Jolson and the doctor attended the prizefights.

Jolson asked the doctor to drop around the following day so that he might conduct a complete physical examination.

But the next day, the doctor didn't show up. Early that morning, Jolson clambered out of the swimming pool to call up the medico's home. The doctor was in bed, suffering from exhaustion.

All the above may or may not be true and we're three thousand miles too far away to check it, but we liked the story.

Jolson and Eddie Cantor shared and stole the honors on the recent two-hour broadcast marking the dedication of the new Columbia outlets on the West Coast, notably KNX in Los Angeles. Cantor sang "Mammy," which thrust Jolson riposted with an expert rendition of "Margie." The piece de resistance, however, was a duet, featuring the two, in a barber shop rendition of "Dinah."

As a matter of fact, it was so popular that Cantor readjusted his complete show for the next day, Sunday, to arrange for a repeat of the routine.

It is interesting how stars barter their talents. In return for his guest appearance on the Jolson show, Jolson has been promised a near appearance of

the goggle-eyed comic on his air period.

\* \* \*

In case you've been wondering what's happened to Morton Downey—and we have—he's doing all right, though his radio appearances of late have been infrequent. Recently, he signed for a tour of auto shows throughout the country which will probably bring him to your city where you can hear him in person.

\* \* \*

Joe Penner reports that radio's comedians are readying a strike for shorter hours. The 60 minute hour, he says, is too long and requires too much material. Parkyakarkus says that if it's a sit-down strike, he'll have to scab, because he's wearing his father's pants. Or he might hire a stand-in to sit down.

\* \* \*

Burns and Allen's arrival in New York was almost as funny as one of their Wednesday night



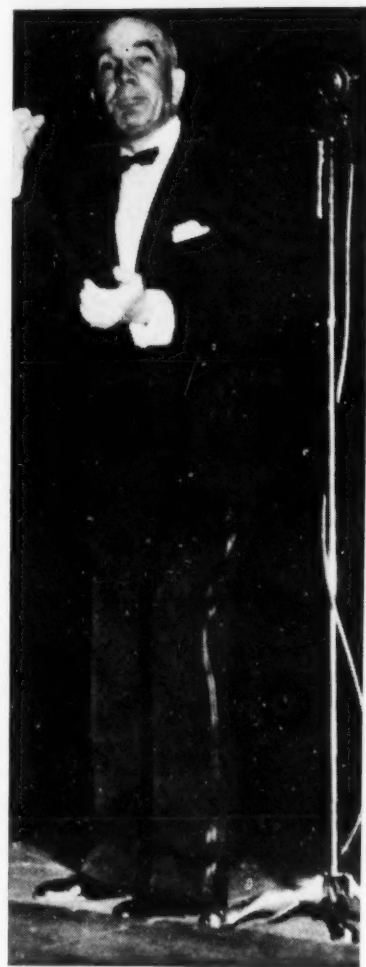
Nasty Joe Penner

broadcasts. Gracie had wired Gotham newspapers from various points on her cross-country jaunt:

WAIT TILL YOU GET A LOAD OF THE DIRT I HAVE STOP FLASH FLASH FLASH SCOOP BUZZ BUZZ STOP GEORGE AND I WILL ARRIVE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL N Y MONDAY MORNING AND IM NOT TELLING THIS TO ALL THE BOYS.

GRACIE (SCOOP) ALLEN.

When she stepped off the Twentieth Century, she was wheeling a little red wheelbarrow, filled with just plain dirt which, she said, her brother dug out from a tunnel under a bank in Hollywood.



Bleating Al Jolson

She also sent wires from Ossining which read, "Thirty days hath September and so has my brother. Stopped in to see him to say cell-o."

Gracie was accompanied by husband George Burns and radio heart throb Tony Martin who is making his first visit East.

The Sunday Night Community Sing, which debuted in New York, last September 13, will move to the Coast on January 31. Milton Berle, it seems, has himself a movie job with R.K.O. for whom he will make a picture with Joe Penner.

The entire cast of the show, with G. Bennett Larson, producer, will journey to the film colony for the first West Coast broadcast of the series.

The programs will be heard as usual, over the WABC-CBS network on Sunday nights. Wendell Hall will continue in his role as chief enthusiasm-builder-upper. Jones and Hare will continue as the Gillette Gentlemen.

With headquarters in Hollywood, it is expected that many patrician movie voices, heard heretofore only on the screen, will join the singing throngs.

Strange thing about the Community Sings. In the feathered kingdoms, the males are the singers. But the Sunday Night Community Sings seem to attract more women than men.



Al Jolson, no description necessary; Martha Raye, songstress; Victor Young, master of the band; and Sid Silvers, stooge deluxe.



# Inventions in Thin Air . . .

Stoopnagle & Budd, "creative" zanies, invent unpatentable gadgets which they drolly explain away, leaving you none the wiser but much the merrier. Harry Von Zell aids in the fun-making in addition to serving as announcer and "cues - to - audience - giver" by means of signs, hands, and grimaces.



Full and three-quarter profiles of the "mad geniuses." Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd, with gardenias in their lapels, face a genial audience which comes to listen and stays to laugh—heartily.

Photos by Harold Monoson



League of Notions meet with Harry Von Zell as interpreter. Inventions whose value can be judged only by the laughs they draw are sufficient reason for us to go off the gold standard every Sunday.



The gesticulator and the jester: Von Zell and Stoopnagle. The announcer waves his "cues" to the audience, and as it responds the Colonel shows evident satisfaction. Note his beaming face.



"Poker Face" Stoopnagle finishes a monologue to find . . .



. . . a receptive audience doubling in brass. Don Voorhees and orchestra combine business with pleasure and seem to enjoy the proceedings as much as the Colonel.

# IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



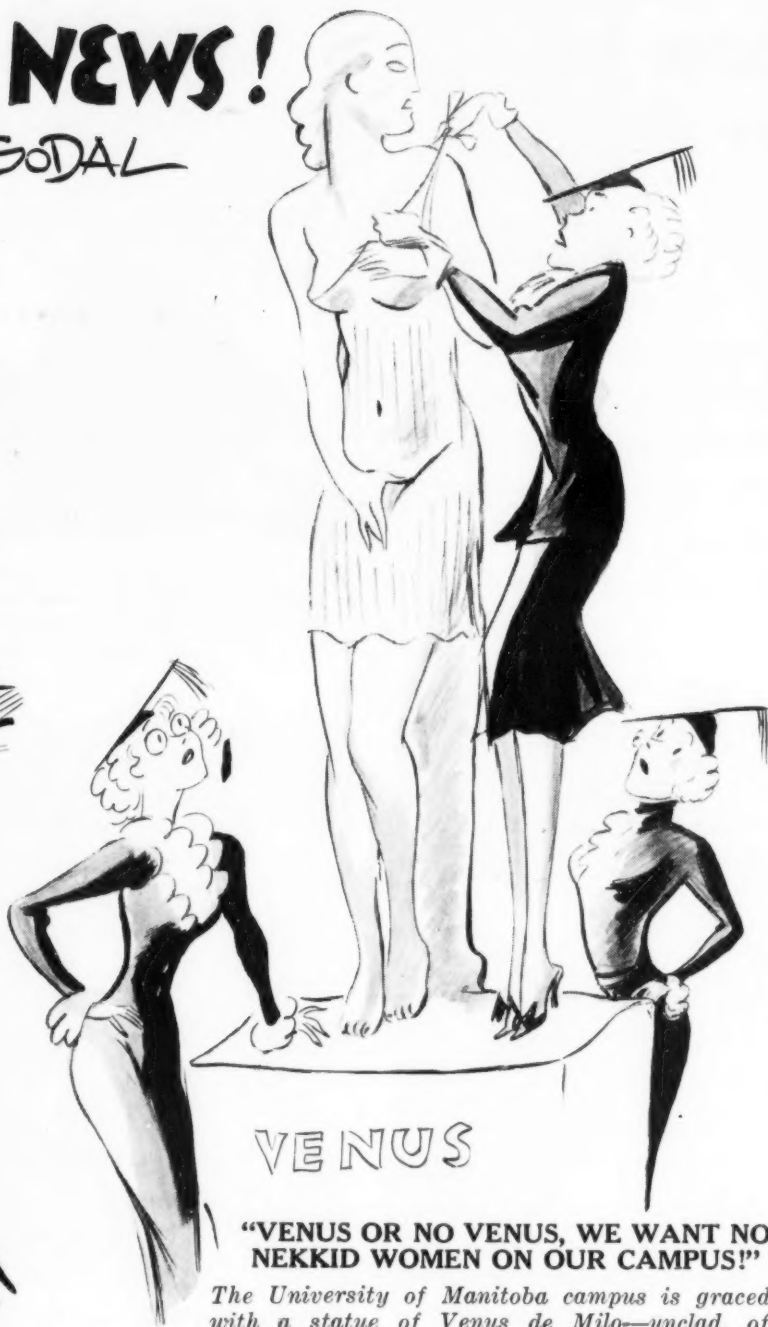
**"THE EMPIRE, INDEED!  
WHY, I'VE LOST TEN  
POUNDS. OH, DAVY!"**

The worry and emotional strain involved in a constitutional crisis have taken their toll. Mrs. Simpson, her couturier reports, has dropped ten pounds, is now taking in tucks and seams.



**"YOU ARE NOT WAITERS. BAH!  
YOU ARE SALESMEN!"**

Lorenzo Pace, Buffalo restaurateur, took his waiters off a straight salary basis, established a system of commission-plus-minimum-wage payment. "They are now salesmen," he explained.



**"VENUS OR NO VENUS, WE WANT NO  
NEKKID WOMEN ON OUR CAMPUS!"**

The University of Manitoba campus is graced with a statue of Venus de Milo—unclad, of course. The women's association disapproved. Now cheesecloth protects the perfect figure from the public gaze.



**"TURN ON THE RADIO, MAW! BESSIE  
AIN'T MILKIN' WELL!"**

Farmer Almon Wickard wanted to "hear th' programs" while he did his milking, so he put a radio in the cow shed. The cows liked it. They gave 5 gallons daily instead of 3, consumed half as much food.

## Brain Tanglers

Solutions on page 31

### Letter Division

Letter division, given glamour and a certain amount of publicity, might well become another national fad, like Monopoly or Mah Jong or even checkers. Viewing the present scene, neither the glamour nor the publicity seem to be forthcoming. The market isn't big enough, and the only required tools are some brain-power, some paper and a pencil.

As you may have heard, it involves the establishment and solution of a mathematical process in which certain letters have been substituted for numerals. The letters, of course, cannot be added, subtracted, divided or multiplied as such—that is, as letters. You just don't multiply A by D and get an answer. You do, if you recognize the values for which these letters stand. In this respect, the real source of the letter division type of puzzle is probably the well-known practice of algebra. In the sphere of higher mathematics, though, letter division is definitely small fry.

Take this puzzle, for instance:

|       |   |      |   |    |
|-------|---|------|---|----|
| FUG   | ) | EASL | ( | CM |
| FUG   |   |      |   |    |
| ----- |   |      |   |    |
| AFAL  |   |      |   |    |
| CELO  |   |      |   |    |
| ----- |   |      |   |    |
| FUM   |   |      |   |    |

Now, let's see. C, the first letter in the answer (CM), is probably 1. Reason, FUG times C equals FUG. Substituting 1 for C wherever that letter appears may give you some more clues. For example C, or 1, subtracted from A leaves nothing; C and A stand for different numbers, and the logical conclusion is that A equals 2, since the most that can be "carried" in subtraction is 1....

But—we mustn't solve the whole puzzle for you.

Also, in order to satisfy a diabolical desire to give the puzzle an added twist, we include an addendum. In this case, it is a number cryptogram:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 2 8 9 0

When the letters in the word division problem are properly substituted, a word evolves. If you like, you can begin the puzzle at the end (that is, by solving the cryptogram) and make the first part a relative cinch. We warn you, though, tackling the problem that way will be most difficult. There aren't many clues in an eleven-letter word, only one of whose letters is once repeated.

Now, we leave it up to you.

(Continued on next page)



## Brain Tanglers

(Continued from page 28)

### Mailbox Trouble

You can get mail and be satisfied. You can receive no mail and still be satisfied. But when no mail is forthcoming and its arrival is more or less vital—then the anguish is of full consistency. Who among us has not known the trials, the misery, the unrelieved torture of opening dismally empty mailboxes?

Take the case of Mr. Jones, for example. His case is rare indeed, and in some measure, humorous, but it affords a good example of the value of brains in receiving mail.

Mr. Xenas Jones, we would have you know, was a Big Business executive. He lived in a small, private house with one manservant, by name—Jasper.

Every morning, by time-honored custom, Jasper would walk into his master's room take the key-ring off the bureau, and open the mailbox for the morning mail. After bringing the mail to the master, as it were, Jasper would lock the mailbox and return the keys.

One fine summer day, Mr. Jones decided to leave the hot city for an artificially extended week-end. Naturally, he depended upon Jasper to forward his mail. This he might well have done, since Jasper was a most dependable sort of fellow, and had served his master well for some twenty-four and a half years. In this particular case, Jasper's function as forwarder-of-mail was quite important, since Mr. Jones was expecting a very important letter from a

firm. The letter concerned a large contract, and if it did not reach Mr. Jones at his resort address on a certain day, so that he would be able to wire instructions to his firm, the contract would be forever lost to both Mr. Jones and his company.

Before he left, of course, Mr. Xenas Jones left his address with Jasper.

The day upon which the letter was to have arrived loomed over the horizon. Mr. Jones received no letter. Came a wire to Jasper couched in angry terms, sent with the magnificent indignance of a Big Business executive. It read:

WHERE IS LETTER stop ANSWER AT ONCE stop GIVE SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION OR EXPECT TO BE RELIEVED OF YOUR DUTIES.

Jasper's reply, like the reply of any manservant who had served his master faithfully for some twenty-four and a half years, and who had just received an undeserved rebuke, was couched in terms reflecting a hurt spirit. It read:

YOU TOOK KEY TO MAILBOX WITH YOU stop BEG PARDON SIR BUT YOU HAVE SOME NERVE stop PLEASE MAIL IT AT ONCE.

When Mr. Xenas Jones received the wire, he promptly cursed himself for a fool, placed the key in an envelope and mailed it to Jasper.

The net result: Mr. Jones did not get his all-important letter, he lost the contract, and he did not fire Jasper.

Can you figure out why?

### Royalty Escapes

By token of his title, a king is a noble person with such an extreme degree of nobility that there are some serious ham-stringings which he must face in the practice of his private life.

Nowadays, these restrictions take effect in matters of marriage. When, in former days, the king was more politic in his interests, things were more serious. They played for higher stakes, and when they lost, they lost more heavily. Sometimes they were imprisoned by people temporarily anti-royalist. On more than a few occasions, some noble kings lost their heads by unpleasant methods.

In the incident which we now prepare to consider, a king and his two sons were imprisoned in a tower. Being imprisoned in the tower meant that you faced death. Things were pretty black. Either you escaped from the tower, or you placed your noble head on the block.

Hanging close to the window of their chamber of incarceration

was a pulley arrangement, whose ropes, even more fortunately, were equipped with two baskets. Being familiar with such apparatus, the king and his sons knew that an excess of more than fifteen pounds weight on either end of the pulley rope would destroy the balance. If anyone happened to be in the overly weighted basket, of course, the drop to the rocks below would mean horrible death.

The king, having led a full life, weighed 195 pounds. One son weighed 105, the other 90 pounds. In one of the baskets was a 75-pound weight. An excess of 15 pounds weight in either basket would tip the beam (just to refresh your memory).

The trick is to figure out how all three noble-bloods made their escape, with no bodily harm to any one of them.

You may have heard this one but it has such a tough solution that you probably don't remember it. At any rate, it's worth figuring out—if you can.



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## IN THIS ISSUE

George Jean Nathan, dean of American Theatre critics, expresses his Doctrines, Dogmas and Delights. Be sure to read his articles on the theatre.

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Occupation .....

Name .....

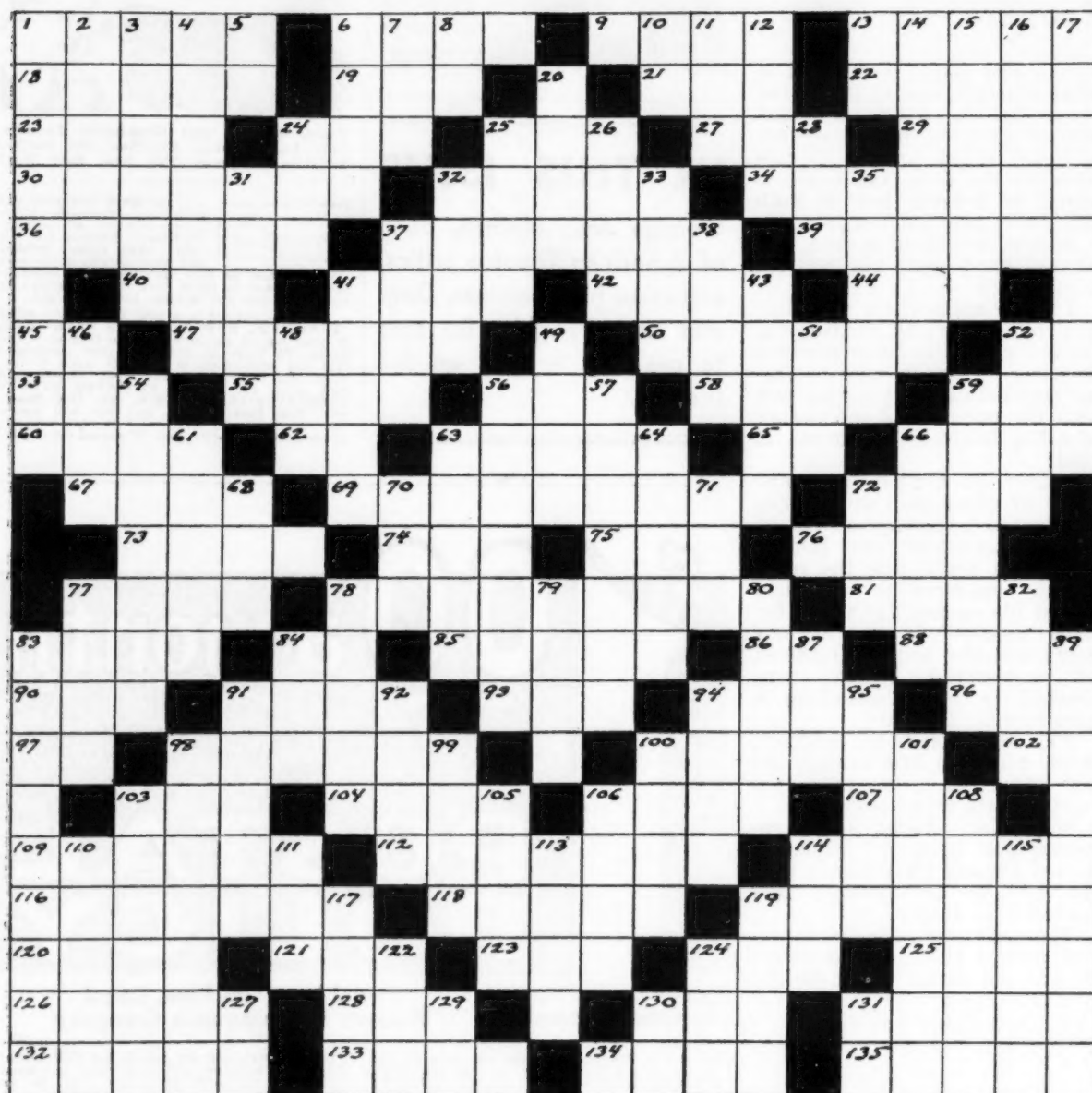
Address .....

City..... State.....

Please print or write plainly.

# Midweek Crossword Puzzle

Solution  
Next Week



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 South American rodents
- 6 Light producing device
- 9 Render insensate
- 13 A kind of bear
- 18 States positively
- 19 Refuse
- 21 Eggs
- 22 Aged
- 23 Long (Scotch)
- 24 Representative (abbr.)
- 25 Away from
- 27 Genus of macaws
- 29 Long periods of time
- 30 Tidal river's mouth
- 32 Slur over
- 34 Dainty, refined
- 36 Brews
- 37 Introduce
- 39 English city
- 40 Common carriers (abbr.)
- 41 A flower
- 42 Ascend
- 44 Sooner than
- 45 Pronoun
- 47 Calm
- 50 Intrepid people
- 52 True
- 53 Small drink of spirits
- 55 Identical
- 56 Exclamation of disgust
- 58 Bluster
- 59 Hydraulic engine
- 60 Ardor (Fr.)
- 62 Symbol of an element
- 63 Pertaining to the cheek

- 65 North Central state
- 66 Murine animals
- 67 Ages
- 69 Transform
- 72 Scoff
- 73 Teutonic god
- 74 Highest note in Aretino's scale
- 75 Aunt (Spanish)
- 76 Young of an ovine animal
- 77 Fly lightly and swiftly
- 78 Sowings
- 81 Bridle strap
- 83 A brisk mover
- 84 Low Latin (abbr.)
- 85 Stories
- 86 Symbol of an element
- 88 Halt
- 90 Top
- 91 Meadow (poet.)
- 93 Droop
- 94 Forbids
- 96 Saint (abbr.)
- 97 Indian mulberry
- 98 Completely emptied
- 100 Mended
- 102 Type measure
- 103 To be mistaken
- 104 Discerns
- 106 Fortress
- 107 Bird of the crow family
- 109 Screech
- 112 Covered with paper
- 114 Most crippled
- 116 Mexican dish (plu.)
- 118 Under-sea worker

- 119 Having sensation
- 120 Death notice
- 121 Weapon
- 123 Egg of an insect
- 124 A primate
- 125 Baking chamber in a stove
- 126 Date in the Roman calendar
- 128 Measure of length
- 130 Literary fragments
- 131 Lifeless
- 132 German statesman (1870-1925)
- 133 English collegiate town
- 134 Entrance to a mine
- 135 Obstinate, stupid individuals

## VERTICAL

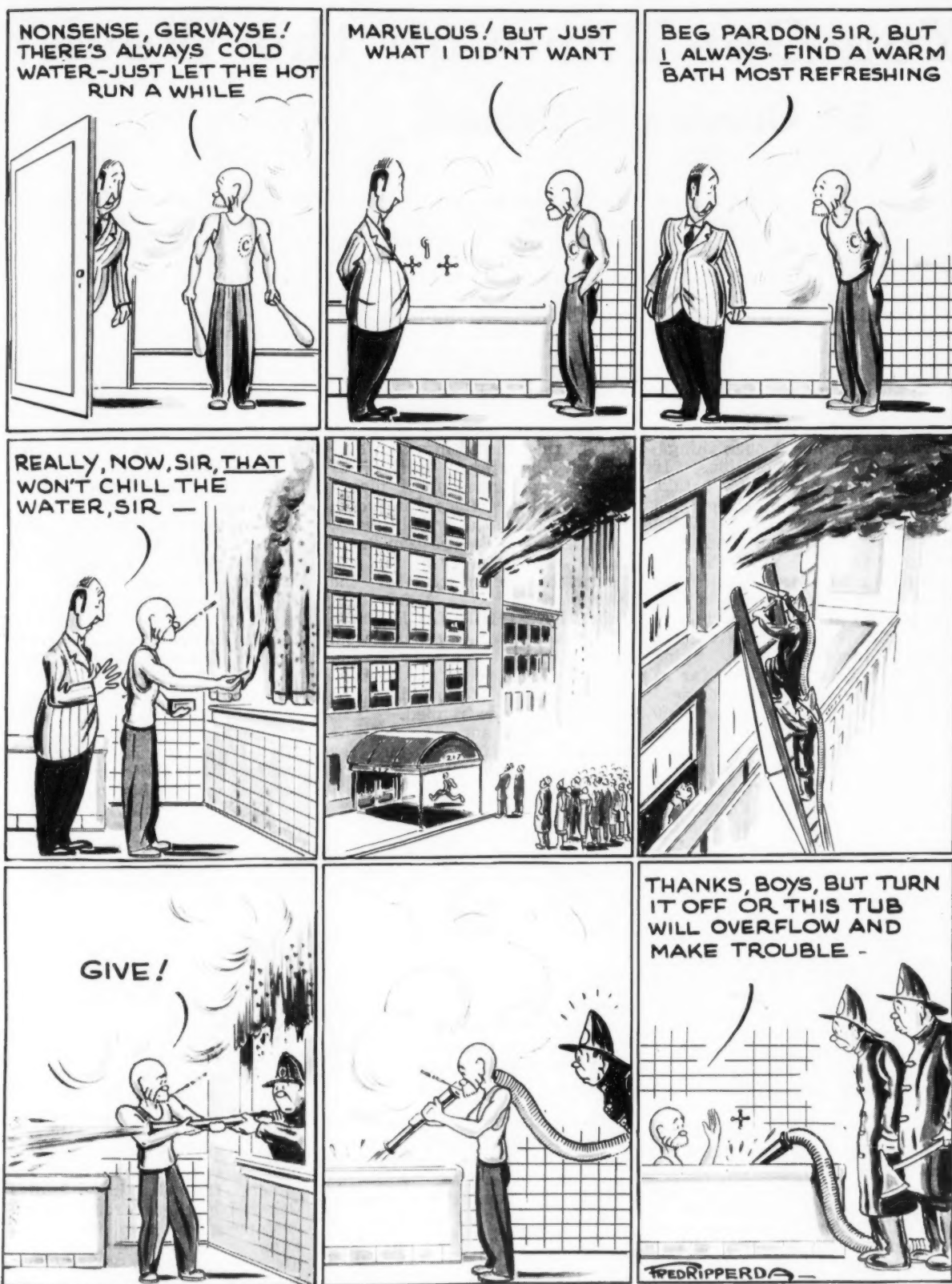
- 1 Holy land
- 2 Cease (naut.)
- 3 The middle point
- 4 Debaters
- 5 Ocean liner
- 6 Logy
- 7 Craft
- 8 Mountain (abbr.)
- 10 Preposition
- 11 Soft, pulpy fruit
- 12 Nostril
- 13 Dad
- 14 Wild asses
- 15 Bandage
- 16 Girl's name
- 17 Waiting rooms (two words)
- 20 Goddess of discord
- 24 Metric land measure (plu.)
- 25 To hasten away

- 26 German river
- 28 A beverage
- 31 Recess in a church (plu.)
- 32 Gaelic
- 33 Character in "Idylls of the King"
- 35 Use with an effort
- 37 Corn bread
- 38 Former ruler of Russia
- 41 Send back
- 43 Obliterate
- 46 A high silk hat (slang)
- 48 Flowed, as a stream
- 49 Chums
- 51 To terminate
- 52 Satisfy
- 54 Released on honor
- 56 A tropical fruit (plu.)
- 57 Limping
- 59 A food rodent (plu.)
- 61 Lowest point; opposed to zenith
- 63 Malakkan language
- 64 Showers
- 66 A fissure (plu.)
- 68 To take a seat
- 70 Relatively (abbr.)
- 71 Follow persistently
- 72 Fish with an elongated snout
- 77 To frustrate
- 78 Plots
- 79 Street car
- 80 Get going
- 82 A memorandum
- 83 British statesman (1809-1898)
- 84 Allow
- 87 Girl's name
- 89 Contrite persons
- 91 Picture painted on a wall
- 92 Profound
- 94 Poet
- 95 Type of auto
- 98 More notable
- 99 Inanimate
- 100 One who accomplishes
- 101 Variety of plum (plu.)
- 103 Stoat
- 105 Twirl
- 106 Irritate
- 108 Interlaces
- 110 Roast on a spit
- 111 Small barrel
- 113 Moral depravity
- 114 Famous American general
- 115 Cubic meter
- 117 Certain
- 119 Gaiter
- 122 A negative
- 124 Cuckoo
- 127 Let it stand (abbr.)
- 129 Act
- 130 Public notice (abbr.)
- 131 Northern Central state (abbr.)

## Solution to January 6th Puzzle

LANDIS PASTEUR CHASED  
ONEILL INTERNE HAWAII  
NS PLEBEIAN ADMIRE LO  
DAM SEAT ROD FONT BEN  
OTOS TRIM RESEDA WREN  
NESTS KEEL SORE SHANE  
COED SWANSON THEN  
BROWDER SWEET HOUNDED  
RAW ABETTER TORN EAR  
IL INSURES TRIPS WISE  
DEARS NEW YAK BASIS  
GILA SINEW PERILED ES  
EGG APOD ALL ANIL ASE  
SHERMAN BLOOM SPLINTS  
RAIN BALDWIN SERE  
BAIRD CUBA SLOT SITES  
ERNE RELICT SNUB SODA  
ARE PILL EAT ARES SIT  
RI AUSTIN POIGNANT SI  
VINCE TORONTO DAYTON  
RENDER TREASON SPRING





## Bathrobe Baron

(Continued from page 19)

bathrobes. "When we reach the million mark," says Leo, "we'll get a new goal."

Leo has kept ahead all along. He boxed his product, way ahead of the field. This he still does. He made slippers out of end-pieces, to go with his robes. He gave the monogram craze its first big boost. He was way out in front with the zipper house-coat. And this year he has an arrangement that lets retailers have a certain amount of robes under cost, a kind of company bond.

Production methods at his factory are progressive also. The long-view approach is clearly marked in all ends of the business. Work-rooms are not filled to capacity, since workers do better in spacious surroundings. He can afford extra floor space if he gets extra efficiency. Cutting tables 250 feet long are being installed, since this eliminates material waste by allowing the whole length to be dealt with at once.

The designing is done by an Italian gentleman named Peter Palladino. He has some twenty-four assistants, some of whom design robes and some of whom carry out the patterns. There are no bathrobe models on full time, but a great deal of photographic display is used, with clean young men posing in robe after robe and looking very well in them, too. Advertising on a national scale is a new thing with the Rabhor moguls. They advertise the robes direct to the consumer, instead of letting retailers do it for them. "Radio will be the next thing," says Leo.

Wages at the Rabhor factory are adjusted according to the now defunct N.R.A. code. The factory is a pioneer in employee's group insurance which provides sick benefit, etc., but these benefits differ from the usual workman's compensation. The firm provides free milk at luncheon. There is also a plant news organ and various social and athletic clubs. Both men and women employees use the athletic equipment, and the Rabhor baseball team is locally famous and invincible.

His two brothers, George and Charles Safir, are Leo's associates. The three of them practically own the company, lock, stock, and barrel. Leo has the lion's share, George stays in South Norwalk and superintends the plant. Charles handles buying, selling, and advertising in a subsidiary office in New York. George and Leo are married, Charles single. Charles spends most of his time on the phone. "What percentage of maroon against brown did we sell last year?" he asks. "George, I think we're overstocking on browns," etc. It's a great game, bathrobes.

## Solutions to Problems on Pages 28-29

### Letter Division

C A M O U F L A G E S  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 2 8 9 0

### Mailbox Trouble

Mr. Jones (by first name, Xenas) was introduced to you in the preceding puzzle as a Big Business executive. Be that as it may, he made an almost impossibly foolish mistake—and, whether you've figured it out or not, we mentioned the mistake in the puzzle.

If you remember, Mr. Jones mailed the key to his faithful manservant, Jasper. Foolishly, he mailed it in an envelope—which envelope, of course, was duly slipped into the locked mailbox by the unknowing mailman. Jasper, sore beset by the need of a mailbox key which lay locked in the mailbox, could do nothing. Certainly, he was not to blame. And, of course, the contract was lost.

### Royalty Escapes

Let's call the King A, his

heavier son B, and the 90-pounder C. The basket with the weight is W. Here's how they worked it.

C went down, sending up W. Then B taking out W, went down, sending C up. C gets out, and W is sent down. B gets in the basket with W, and A goes down. W is sent down again. C goes down, sending up W. B goes down, sending up C. C puts W in basket, lowers it to the ground, and descends in the other basket. Following which, the escape.

# How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

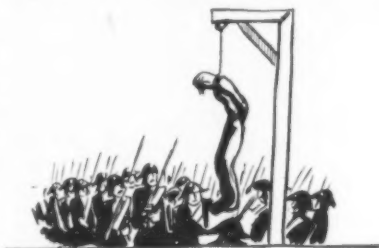
YES, an airplane falls down once in a while, and it's news. Some of my friends who are sensitive to news currents say they guess they won't ride any more. But PAT O'MALLEY, who knows all about airlines, tells me that 100 transport planes, carrying passengers, are in the air at 4 p.m. today, or any day . . . and four planes crash in as many weeks, in bad weather, to scare the timid . . . I'm generally wrong, but I consider air travel the safest of all, if you stick to regular transport airlines. And I might be right this time; who knows . . . I drive a car badly, and may kill somebody or be killed that way. I drive an airplane badly, a nail miserably, and a bargain worst of all. But I used to drive horses supremely well . . . and the transport pilots I know drive airplanes with *élan, verve, chic, style, zest, relish*, just as horse-drivers used to drive horses . . . but now I see funny-looking people on top of horses in *Central*



*Park* who don't know port from starboard on a gelding . . . They made some money and think they're in the horsey set . . . DR. JOHN A. SCHAEFFER was in the pencil business before he became President of *Franklin and Marshall College*, in *Lancaster, Penna.* . . . But I once knew a book publisher who had gone into books right out of the business of manufacturing toilet paper, and he did remarkably well . . . Let's get back in the air—we were going fine before we made that forced landing in *Central Park* . . . Recently I was a guest in the baronial home of MR. and MRS. FRANK MAYER, on *Long Island*. Seeing pictures of RENÉ FONCK, I asked questions, and heard an unpublished story of the disaster that gave the world gooseflesh on Sept. 21, 1926 . . . FONCK had been staying with the MAYERS for weeks while getting ready to take off for the first flight to *Paris* in a big *Sikorsky*, poised at *Roosevelt Field* . . . Several times the Frenchman and his three companions had been ready to fly, but something had gone wrong. That morning of the 21st, FONCK didn't feel right, and sought excuses for not flying, but the weather looked good . . . and

they took off . . . seven feet off the ground, the ship turned over and burned . . . FONCK and his co-pilot escaped alive . . . The disaster was caused by ruts in the field, which might have been eliminated had the backers been willing to spend \$5,000, but they took the chance and lost their \$250,000 investment . . . along with two lives . . . FONCK is now a high official in *French aviation* . . . I believe flyers often have hunches about such things. Or call them premonitions. If a man feels he shouldn't take off, he should stay on the ground . . . You know, WILL ROGERS had misgivings about that last flight with WILEY POST . . . and as for me, I was flying from *New York* to *Hollywood*, hoping vaguely to get there in time to help talk WILL out of such a foolish adventure. My flying daughter MARY went as far as *Washington* with me, and, as I put her aboard a ship for *New York*, I said, *Well, I'm sorry, but I'm sure WILL will never come back if he takes off on this wild ride* . . . She reminded me of the prediction the day of the crash . . . One man I would trust to fly me around the world. COL. BILL TIPTON of *Baltimore*. Flying almost daily for 21 years now, and never a rough landing, except once when he was shot down inside the *German lines* . . . I can't cry over the revelation that OTTO KAHN'S estate netted only about four million after tax payments, instead of the fifty million expected. OTTO was a superior sort of millionaire, but at that I don't think he ever earned four million.

A. J. KOBLER, one of W. R. HEARST'S boys, who followed ARTHUR BRISBANE across the deadline after only a few days, resembled BRISBANE in one chief characteristic: *acquisitiveness*. Otherwise, the two were poles apart. KOBLER made no pretenses to learning or cultured ways—quite the contrary. He was an unbeautiful little man with the editorial finesse of a longshoreman. But he knew about good color engraving, could criticize newspaper art keenly, and he kept his two eyes on MR. KOBLER'S dollars, of which there were many . . . ATMA SINGH was



guilty of murder, but the British government hardly felt up to hanging him a second time, when the rope broke. It was otherwise in the case of CAPTAIN KIDD, who was hanged close by *Wapping Stairs* in 1701. The rope broke. They revived the poor, bedeviled KIDD, marched him up the steps again, and he had to listen to another sermon on *hell*, with his neck hurting like nobody's business, before they tossed him to a successful hanging. KIDD, of course, was innocent of piracy and murder, crimes for which he was railroaded by politicians, so there wasn't the sentimentality about his case that appears in the matter of the *Shanghai Sikh* . . . A friend of mine, DR. THOR JAGER, was at a party. A *Hindu* entered. One glance at the turban, and the DOCTOR asked the hostess, "A Sikh?" "You're just too wonderful," she replied. "Yes, he is sick, and thought he couldn't come tonight, but how



could you tell in one glance, clear across the room?" . . . *Sikh* means *disciple*, *Singh* means *warrior* . . . There are over three million Sikhs, devotees of a pure and exalted religious cult, in *India*.

Sympathy and condolence to PEGGY JOYCE, untimely robbed of her prospective fifth husband by *Death*. And the years and pounds are stealing PEGGY'S beauty; yet more sad . . . EDDIE and WALLY: *America* is still for you, and in any plebescite you can go up to the *Bronx* with a heavy plurality. Just behave decorously, and we'll be glad to have you over for the *World's Fair* . . . Award. Most unwise publicity-getter: Evalyn Walsh McLean . . . The present wave of prosperity, which by no means envelopes all, shouldn't encourage showoffs to boast about their wealth and diamonds too loudly. There is still danger that someone may ask in a harsh voice *Just how did you earn it?* . . . But it is remarkable how social affairs are gravitating toward the kitchen. So many parties have involuntarily drifted kitchenward and bloomed most hilariously there that one *New York* hotel has started giving kitchen parties, with plenty of room for dancing and eating.

Others will follow, probably installing special entertainment kitchens . . . Reason? Well, kitchens are, in most homes, the most friendly, beautiful, unpretentious and homey rooms . . . A fine job of editing, publishing and manufacturing is *The Theatre Guild Anthology* . . . And how would you spell it, *theatre* or *theater*? I like the *er* because it's more American and in line with our other spellings. In *Manhattan* is the *Center Theatre*, but why one of the words should be Americanized and not the other, I can't tell you . . . And, speaking of spellings, what I said in this page recently was that MAYOR LAGUARDIA painted his name on the *hoardings*, but it got to you as *boardings* . . . Not so different, perhaps. *Hoardings* is generally used in *England* for *billboards*.

Peace-loving Americans should get up a letter to PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, something like this: *We appreciate your neutrality efforts. We urge you to keep us out of this war, not as WILSON kept us out, but really and absolutely. Let the reds and the whites fight it out in Spain. We are neither red nor white, but red-white-and-blue! And if Americans go over there to fight, let them stay there.*

Such a letter, signed by ten million, should give the PRESIDENT all the backing he needs against the gun-peddlers . . . The sit-down idea is making history. It ought to be adopted by subway patrons in *New York* . . . Here, though, is what some do not realize: Those whose labor produces cars, refrigerators, radios and houses must have a large enough share of what they produce to make them cash customers for all those things. Otherwise, there aren't enough customers to keep the plants running, no matter how many diamonds MRS. S. STANWOOD MENKEN may wear to the opera . . . And you wouldn't



think HOMER, blind and old-fashioned as he was, could write it, but he did:

*Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,  
When, for the dear delight,  
another pays.*

So how did you get through the week, after all?

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly



# How You Can Master GOOD ENGLISH

— in 15 minutes a day

**T**HOUSANDS of persons make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. It is surprising how many persons fail in spelling such common words as "business," "judgment," "beneficiary," and "receive"; say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"; use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. And it is equally astonishing how few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "s's" (as in "recommend" or "disappoint"), or when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, dull, humdrum, largely because they *lack confidence* in their use of language.

## What Does Your English Say About You?

Does your English help or hinder you? Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use trite, commonplace words, you handicap yourself enormously. English, the very tool you should use to improve your business or social position, holds you back. And you don't realize it, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

But now Sherwin Cody offers you a common-sense way to acquire a mastery of English in only a few minutes a day. It's so easy for you to stop making the mistakes in English which have been hindering you and learn to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly, on all occasions—*without even thinking about it!*

## What Cody Did at Gary

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. Some time ago he was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education, to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises Mr. Cody *secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than previously had been obtained by similar pupils in two years under the old methods.*

Even more recently, in the schools of Colorado Springs, an experiment was conducted under the supervision of F. H. Bair, then Superintendent of Schools in that city. Mr. Bair kept part of the school system under the old method of English instruction and put two elementary schools and one of the Junior High

Schools (about seven hundred pupils in all) under the Cody method. Results were astounding! In his report at the end of the experiment, Mr. Bair states in part, "The general results as shown by the statistical summaries and by the materials that I looked over were astonishing. It will be seen that the experimental schools in every case gained very sharply over the control schools. It would appear that Mr. Cody has come upon an idea and to some extent a procedure almost revolutionary in the teaching of skills in English."

## 100% Self-Correcting Device

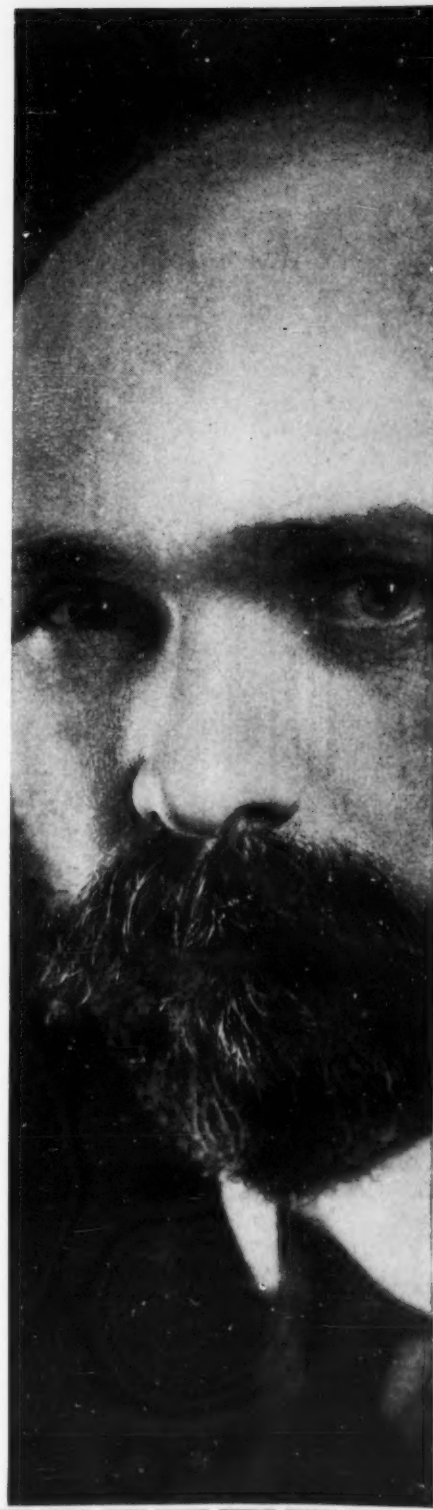
The basic principle of Mr. Cody's new method is habit-forming. Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express your meaning, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

Mr. Cody's 100% Self-Correcting Device (upon which he holds a patent) does exactly this thing. It is his silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on *them*. You are not drilled upon anything you already know; and, unlike the old ways of learning English, there are no rules to memorize.

The study of English has been made so simple that much progress can be made in a very short time. No more than *fifteen minutes a day are required*—and not of study, but of fascinating practice! Those who take advantage of Mr. Cody's method gain something so priceless that it cannot be measured in terms of money. They gain an impress of breeding that cannot be erased. They gain a facility of speech that marks them as educated persons in whatever society they find themselves. They gain the self-confidence and self-respect which this ability inspires. As for material reward, certainly the importance of good English in the race of success cannot be over-estimated. Surely no one can advance far without it.

## Write for FREE Book

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. It can be had free upon request. There is no obligation. Send the coupon or a letter or a postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 7412 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.



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